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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXCIII No. 2521 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 29 1948

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Bottle Royal

"Who are fighting?" asked Alice.

"Why, the Lion and the Unicorn, of course," said the White King.

"But what are they fighting for?"

"Well, they both want a Guinness," said the King, "and there's only one left. The worst of the joke is, that even that one belongs to me! Let's run and see them." And they trotted off, Alice repeating to herself, as she ran, the words of the song:

"'The Lion and The Unicorn'
was full of thirsty men
From ten o'clock till two o'clock
and six o'clock till ten.
Some had a sandwich, some had two:
But they all had a Guinness,
which is Good For You."

"Does — the one — that wins — get the Guinness?" she asked, as well as she could while they were running.

"Dear me, no!" said the King. "The one that's *had* the Guinness wins."

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.566.D

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THEY DRIVE TO THE OPERA: The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh driving from the Embassy. An hour before they were due to arrive in the Place de l'Opera 10,000 Parisians had gathered to greet them

The visit to Paris of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh was a triumphal progress from start to finish. It was a reminder of that equally brilliant visit paid by King George VI and Queen Elizabeth just before the war. There was the same affectionate enthusiasm of the crowds, but this time their special interest was in how the Princess would react in this world centre of fashion to the revolutionary fashion decrees of the day. Her answer delighted Paris, and her nine changes of costume, most of which are recorded on these pages, won the approval of dress designers. One expert, summing-up the Princess's appearance, declared: "The Princess Look, which has captured the imagination of Paris, is an essentially English taste for tailored clothes, quiet patterns and pastel colours. I believe that the next Paris shows will prove that the unself-conscious Princess is the best ambassadress of fashion Britain has ever had. If the craze catches on, British fashion prestige will get its biggest boost since the war." Finally, declares the commentator, the Princess picks out New Look points she can wear well, such as ankle-strap shoes and longer hem lines

IN A WHITE SATIN CRINOLINE DRESS EMBROIDERED WITH SILVER: The Princess wearing the evening gown in which she dined at the Élysée with President Auriol. She wears the sash of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, also a diamond tiara and necklace. The Duke wore on his evening dress the badge of the Garter

LEAVING THE BRITISH EMBASSY CHURCH AFTER DIVINE SERVICE ON WHIT SUNDAY: The Princess in a simple flowered frock and ankle-strap shoes, just now the rage of Paris

AN EVENING AT THE TOUR D'ARGENT: At this Paris night club the Princess wore a square-necked slipper-satin bustle dress. The Duke and Duchess stayed at the Tour d'Argent until after 1.30 a.m.

THIS IS WHAT PARIS CALLS "THE PRINCESS LOOK": This new dress of slate-blue, with its swirling skirt, tight waist and swathed-effect at the hips, was worn with a shallow "cartwheel" hat trimmed with tulle and with pale pink roses

SLEEPY CYPRUS HAS A LIVELY BACKGROUND

The Island's Future Status is Very Much in the Balance

By FERDINAND TUOHY

CYPRUS has been so packed with history and legend in its 3,000 years of—overwhelmingly Greek—civilisation that two recent events occurring in the same week are unlikely to detain for very long the chroniclers of the future. Yet that doesn't prevent each of them standing out for us.

The first of these happenings has to do with a tribe known to their D.C.L.I. guards as "The Eye-jize," and to the rest of us as Illegal Jewish Immigrants (IJI's). Since fateful May 15 all IJI's have been at liberty to leave Cyprus as and how they may. They are already doing so, in the direction of Haifa, and, as nothing we do but draws opprobrium from Zion, let us sum up for our own benefit the moving scenes at the dozen camps of Xylotymbou.

According to Commissioner Sir Godfrey Collins, 51,000 IJI's have been handled since the camps were established in August 1946. The largest number detained at any one time was 34,000. Regularly every month 750 were shipped on the 160-miles voyage to Palestine, or one-half the immigration total permitted in normal times. As approximately 25,000 were still held when the balloon went up the other day, this means that Britain had already provided Haganah with 26,000 supporters in twenty months.

Some of these people were elderly or infirm, many were women and children, but not a few of such categories were allowed to go as extra "hardship" cases, and the central fact endures that the bulk of the IJI's who left Cyprus for Palestine were fit and well-drilled young Jews and Jewesses—the very material to be snapped up for enrolment upon landing.

As how, indeed, should they not be fit? Once the IJI's had abandoned their opening method of protest, which consisted of filthifying the camps, these grew to be such relative health resorts thanks to a conjunction of circumstances, that only 76 persons have died in them, a fractional death-rate by any standard and one which has been cancelled a dozen times by more than 900 births.

The internees were for the most part physically elevated by their burning, uniting spirit, and the freedom allowed them to train and prepare for action lifted them again, but calories also had something to do with it.

Throughout their stay the internees received British Army rations augmented by fresh foods from Jewish welfare organisations which relied freely on American contributions. The effect has been that the IJI's have had more calories per day than the people of the United Kingdom, and lashings more of those prime native products: grapes and cauliflowers.

There used to be a somewhat morbid statement in France long ago to the effect that "everyone is sent to Second Army for fattening-up." Conditions inside the Xylotymbou camps recall that remark. We have been fattening them up to enter the field for Zion. Only have they not been allowed arms—although it is known they possess them in the camps, smuggled in for instructional purposes. Only have they been prevented from escaping—although the fact that the Jewish authorities have done nothing to encourage escaping, speaks for itself.

By now the last 25,000 are well on their way to Haifa. They have been prepared for life in Palestine, as lived in war and in peace. They might have been in camps there. They have learnt hygiene, languages, trades, active service conditions. They sail in confiscated ships handed back by the British on the understanding that all are out by August 1. The fighters of both sexes are going first, the majority clad in shorts and sweaters. They number 12,000, which will be an addition of nearly 25 per cent. to the fighting strength of the Haganah forces.

The second Cypriot event has been the offer of a Constitution to the island. Admittedly a half-way measure of the kind with which Ceylon and Malta have to content themselves for the time being, the pattern for Cyprus has been woven on the Jamaican model with certain allowances made for a Turkish minority. It is an effort to close the repressive chapter which opened in 1931 after a rising had terminated in the burning of Government House at the instigation of the local Orthodox Bishops.

The Cypriots have various grouses—the good old Ottoman Debt among them! By common accord we *have* neglected this luscious isle rising beauteously from a sapphire sea; one has only to look at its crumbling walls, its lack of those modern alleviations which the French, say, gave to Beirut opposite. We 've done something for irrigation, but not nearly enough, considering that an all-out attention thereto could transform Cypriot existence—that and more afforestation, and a proper tackling of malaria, which has been suffered to take a coiling hold of too many of the half-million inhabitants.

Quite true—it is "Looking-Glass" stuff to gamble hundreds of millions on Government innovations at home, and not spare £4,000,000 for Cyprus if it really means to us what it seems to. But even if we behaved with more balance in the matter, there would still be Something Else.

Four-fifths of the island's inhabitants are Greeks, and whether of Right or Left, appear ardently to desire union with Hellas. You see the word written up everywhere: "*Enosis*" Union! Romans, Arabs, Crusaders, French, Venetians, Turks, British—all have passed this way. The Grecian thread has ever entwined as the vine.

Cypriots dream of Hellas and are stimulated equally by the Archbishop—as commanding a figure locally as the celebrated prelate in Athens—and by Servas or Clerides, of AKEL, the Communist organisation. The former has done his Moscow training and is a most charming and able Mayor of Limassol. They certainly do pick them well—quite an art it is, and a most paying one.

Both AKEL and the Archbishop have rejected the proffered Constitution. They demand full self-government and union with Greece, and as the chances of either being granted are beyond the horizon—especially union with this sort of Greece, which would be really too much of a walking into the trap of the bear—Lord Winster can only watch the political temperature in an island whose outward siesta drowsiness belies post-war feelings.

"The epicentre of world trouble has shifted eastwards. We no longer think of Italy as a danger. But Egypt, Palestine, India, Persia, Syria, Russia, the Balkans, Greece—all lie in a circle round Cyprus."

"Visit the Pearl of the Mediterranean. Lovely climate. Magnificent scenery. Historical places. Lovely bathing beaches. All in the sterling area. Come to Cyprus! The perfumed isle! The enchanted isle!"

Both are true.

It all depends on how you wish to look at Cyprus.

You may recall how it came our way—Disraeli in 1878—though whether that Christianised Israelite foresaw the eventual value of Cyprus as northern sentinel of the Suez Canal is anybody's guess.

Before "Dizzy," all manner of folk were interested in Cyprus. You are shown Paphos, where Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty, leapt up from the foam of the sea. Antony gave the island to Cleopatra. Othello murdered Desdemona on Cyprus. Queen Berengaria of England was married there to Richard Cœur de Lion, who sold the place to Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, the last of whose stock, Miss Eliza Lusignan, died at Edmonton, N., in the middle of last century.

When we rented it from the Turks, Cyprus was allowed to settle down into a lazy decay, on the score of not meddling in local custom and tradition. Nor did the gentle, off-the-map jog-trot undergo any change when Britain moved to annexation at the time of the Goeben and the Breslau in 1914.

To-day there is one discussion going on in Cyprus, and another going on about Cyprus.

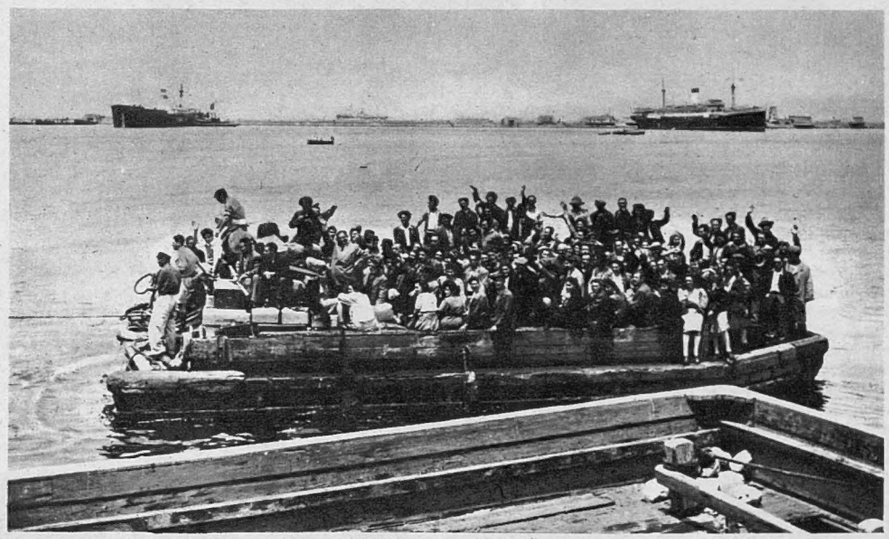
Leaving politics, Hellas and Marx out of it, the discussion in Cyprus revolves round whether the island can or should become "a tourist paradise." None will deny its charm, its wine, its semi-Oriental picturesqueness, its relatively cheap and nourishing victuals, its range of British imports, including Scotch. But there 's the inevitable contemporary "but," and it is—primitiveness. When you wish for water, for no matter what purpose, it may be slothful in the coming; and how can tourists be expected to congregate if they cannot bath in such a hot climate?

The British settlers in Cyprus, many of them retired military and colonial folk, are ever ready to send postcards to Britain, to anywhere, bearing the words "Don't come to Cyprus." For if tourists do come in any number, it will be the end of the easy-going life. But the local hoteliers continue to dream of casinos, night-clubs, and running water, and the decision is not yet.

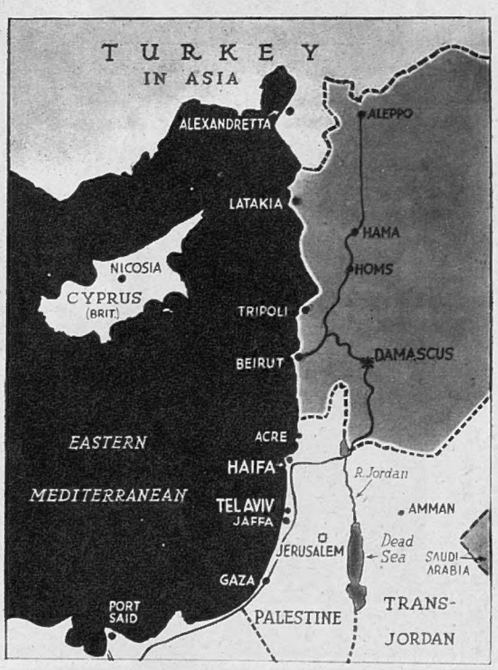
Nor—so far as I can determine—has a decision yet been fully taken as to the role Cyprus shall play in the future of British overseas strategy. Cyprus singularly escaped in both world wars, yet it is impossible to consider any future war, the Middle East and pipe-lines being what they are, without Cyprus coming out of its corner.

The truth is that Cyprus can be an ideal all-purposes military base and stepping-stone, and we realise that our job and hope is to make it so, while bringing the same prosperity to the island that Malta long had, and, if humanly possible, even less of modern war than the George Cross Islanders experienced.

Cyprus has such obvious claims. There is a fine natural harbour at Famagusta waiting to be developed for the Royal Navy. There is much more space for troops than Malta ever had. Inside the saucepan-shaped island is a great, flat plain which could make airfield after airfield of large dimensions. Irrigation could make Cyprus far more self-supporting than it is. Cyprus is within fighter range of the Suez Canal; it covers the Haifa oil-pipe; it watches the exits from the Aegean and therefore from the Black Sea.



HEADING FOR THE PROMISED LAND OF ISRAEL: Immigrants being ferried in a barge from the 6,000-ton immigrant vessel "Argentine" to the quayside at Haifa. They had the distinction of being the first Jews to land in the new State after the termination of the British Mandate. The "Argentine" remained beyond the three-mile limit until midnight on May 14, and was thus able to enter the port without interference from British patrols



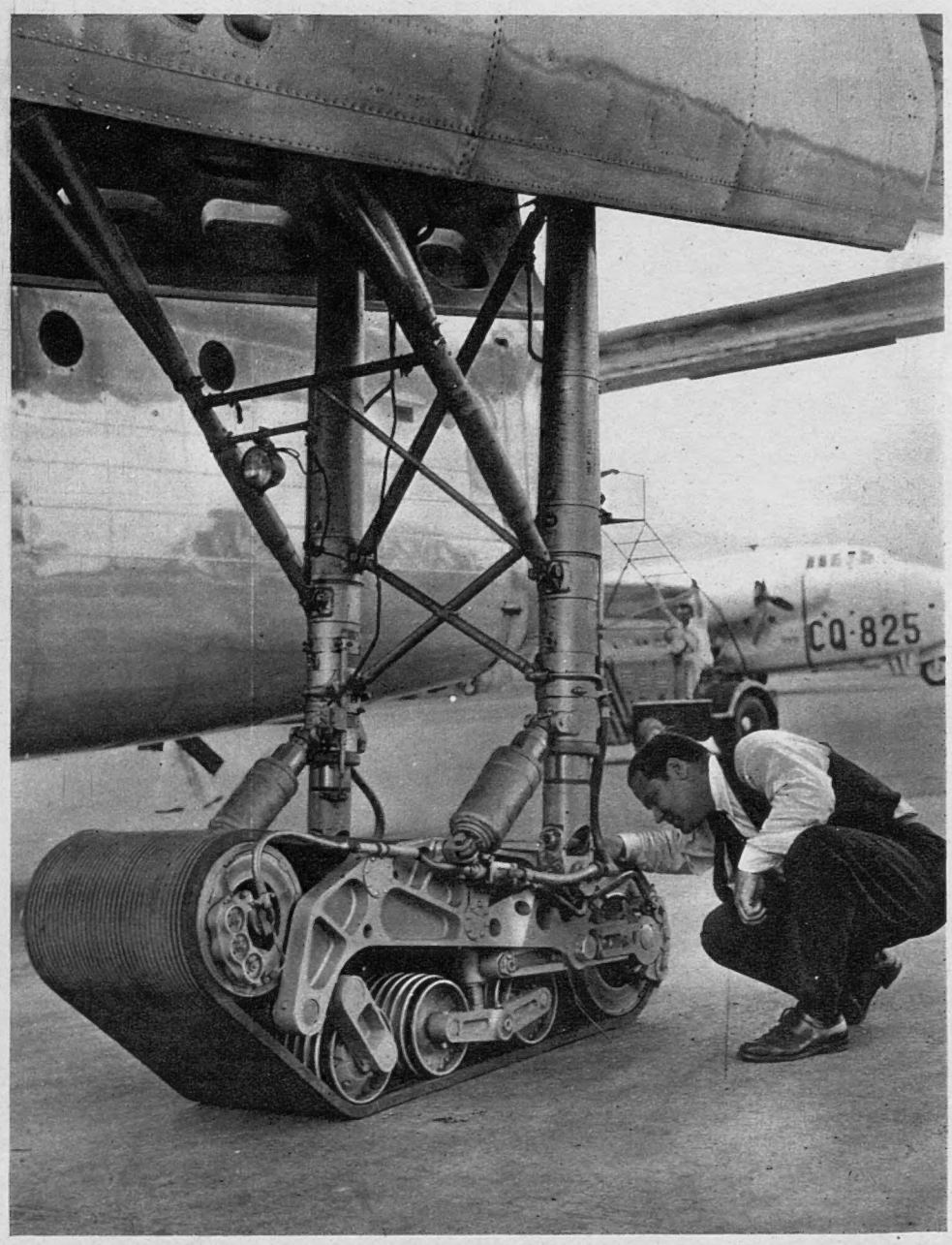
CYPRUS, KEY TO THE LEVANT: A sketch-map showing the situation of the island, which became a British colony in May 1925 after having been annexed in 1914 on the outbreak of hostilities with Turkey. Cyprus lies 40 miles from the coast of Asia Minor, 60 miles from the coast of Syria, and stands near the southern approaches to the Aegean. It could also be regarded, in these days of long-range fighters, as a guardian of the northern approaches to the Suez Canal

AMERICA'S LATEST TRANSPORT and its TRACK-TREAD LANDING GEAR

The Fairchild Packet Under Test in Maryland

A FAIRCHILD PACKET EQUIPPED WITH THE NEW TRACK-TYPE LANDING GEAR: America's latest transport plane, officially known as the C-82, is a paratroop carrier which the U.S. Army has officially adopted as successor to the Douglas Dakota and the Curtiss Commando. In normal flight this landing-gear retracts in the same way as landing-wheels, but it has been found that the caterpillars not only stand up to hard wear, but enable landings to be made on unprepared ground

THE FAIRCHILD COMES TO EARTH: The C-82 seen during a test landing at Hagerstown, Maryland, where its novel undercarriage is being tried out by Air Material Command of the United States Air Force. Experiments extending over a year are said to have proved successful



CLOSE-UP OF THE EXPERIMENTAL LANDING-GEAR: A detailed view of the equipment which absorbs the shock of landing on the rotating cylinders within the caterpillar. The wide belt of the caterpillar track decreases ground-bearing pressures from 60 to 20 lbs. per square inch. The example shown in this picture is one of the two side gears in the tricycle arrangement. The nose gear is slightly different in formation, but the principle is the same

A 105-MM. HOWITZER DROPPED FROM A C-82—THE GUN, MOUNTED ON A MONORAIL, IS PULLED FROM THE CARGO BAY BY A SMALL CHUTE, WHICH IS OPENING AT LEFT: As the gun hurtles through the air a 96-ft. parachute opens out to take the strain and the whole equipage glides gently to earth

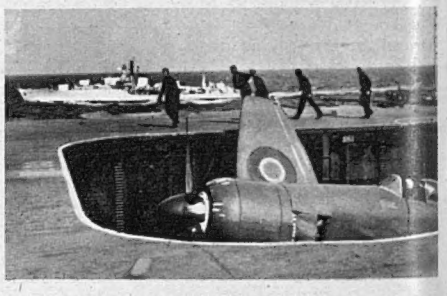
When a heavy transport plane makes contact with a concrete runway the stresses and strains devolving upon undercarriage and rubber tyres are momentarily enormous. To combat these characteristics, and at the same time to produce a military transport capable of taking off or landing on unprepared ground, Fairchild's have been trying out their track landing-gear on their C-82. This machine, which can carry a 25-pounder gun and its towing vehicle or a 105-mm. howitzer, would naturally be of infinitely greater value if made independent of runways, and the result of the Hagerstown tests would seem to indicate that these machines could be flown in and out of an operations area with no ground staff having to prepare the way. As a means of reinforcing ground troops, the C-82 has, of course, tremendous advantages to offer from a tactical viewpoint. If the men of Arnhem had been so equipped, German Panzer troops would have been hard put to it to drive in their perimeter, and the Second World War might well have had an earlier termination. The Fairchild C-82 has two 2,100-h.p. 18-cylinder radial engines, providing a maximum level speed of 225 m.p.h. Its cargo compartment is almost as large as a rail freight van and markedly similar in proportions

SPEARHEADS OF THE NORTH SEA TASK FORCE AS THEY APPEARED TO THE ATTACKING AIRCRAFT DURING THE RECENT RUNNING FIGHT BETWEEN THE ORKNEY ISLANDS AND THE COAST OF NORWAY: *Left*—The 23,000-ton carrier "Implacable," nameship of her class, steaming at speed across the North Sea during the Whitsuntide exercises designed to test the younger seamen in conditions approximating as nearly as possible to those encountered on active service. *Right*—The 35,000-ton battleship "Anson," one of the four ships of the King George V class. Of her ten 14-in. guns, six are mounted forward, four in one turret and two in the other. These guns have an effective range greater than the 15-in. guns in earlier ships. The guns have an elevation of about 40 degrees

A RUNNING FIGHT 'TWIXT ORKNEY AND NORWAY

The Recent Naval Battle Between a British Task Force and Attacking Submarines and Aircraft

"IMPLACABLE" WAS NO EASY PREY FOR THE ATTACKING AIRCRAFT: On her own flight-deck the carrier mustered a great array of Sea Furies and Fireflies, and at times these took off to make successful interceptions at distances of 20 miles and upwards. The squadron of Sea Furies was making its first operational sorties from a carrier at sea, and the pilots acquitted themselves well. "Implacable's" escorting destroyer is in the wake of the carrier

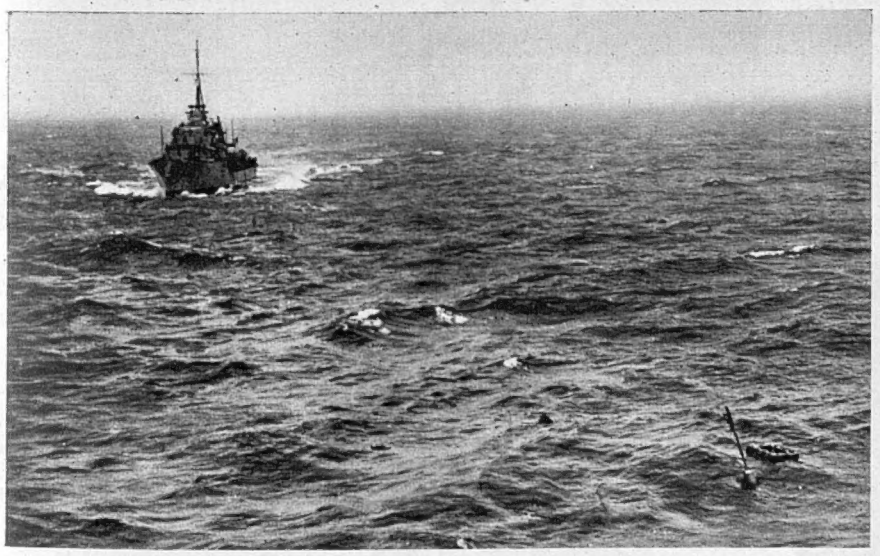


A SEA FURY GOES DOWN THE LIFT: One of the *Implacable's* aircraft returning to the hangar after completing a sortie during the battle over the North Sea. The *Implacable* can accommodate over sixty aircraft

THE BATTLE IN "AGINCOURT": Captain Swallow directing operations by microphone from the bridge of one of our destroyers

H.M.S. "DUNKIRK" STEAMING AT SPEED IN THE NORTH SEA: This Battle-class destroyer acted as maid-of-all-work during the battle. As in the larger warships, her complement included a large proportion of naval boys and young ordinary seamen. Their zeal, in conjunction with the experience of the few battle-trained men, resulted in a satisfactory exercise. "Dunkirk" has a main armament of five 4·5-in. guns

Although the spate of naval scrappings still goes on, and only last week the 10,000-ton cruiser *Berwick* was withdrawn from the County class, the naval news is more cheering. At Whitsuntide a naval task force gave a really good account of itself in Northern waters, in an exercise designed to give our men the experience that they lack. For the exercise the battleships *Howe* and *Anson* were little more than floating naval schools, up to 80 per cent. of the complement having little or no practical experience. This training exercise is the first phase in a larger plan of training which will include West Indies and African cruises later in the year, and subsequent detailed weapon training. From it all, it is hoped, will emerge an efficient post-war naval striking force. The skilled nucleus of this North Sea Fleet handled the ships in this North Sea battle with commendable adroitness, and the running fight which developed from the Scottish coast almost to the shores of Norway by no means went in favour of the attacking submarines and aircraft. Radar was the keynote of both the defensive and offensive operations



A DESTROYER RACES TO THE RESCUE: This dramatic picture was taken after a Firefly aircraft had fallen over the side of the "Implacable" when attempting a descent. Both members of the crew were saved. One of them can be seen near a marker buoy, where he managed to hold out until the destroyer lowered a boat. This was the one unrehearsed event in a battle that went according to plan

A SEA FURY, COMING IN TO LAND ON H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE," SEEN FROM THE QUARTER-DECK: At the top of the picture is the edge of the flight-deck, where in a few seconds the aircraft will make contact with the wires

The WAY of the WORLD

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

BRITISH ENGINEERS CREATE A VITAL NEW RAIL LINK IN THE MIDDLE EAST : The foundations of the approach viaducts, which extend for over half-a-mile on each bank of the river, in course of construction for the bridge which will span the Tigris at Bagdad. The bridge will link the railway system of the west bank, carrying traffic to Mosul, Basra and Turkey, with the system of the east bank connecting with Persia and the vitally important Kirkuk oilfields. The existing train-ferry system is extremely slow and cumbersome, each coach or freight car having to be handled individually. The new Tigris bridge will carry both a railway and an 18-ft. roadway

TRAINING FOR AIR RESCUE, ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES : Sergeant Kenneth Wilson demonstrating how he can use his normal parachute equipment and webbing belt to free himself from a tree in which he has landed. The Sergeant is a member of a United States Military Air Rescue Team, which has been in training in the forbidding country of the Everglades. It is hoped that the technique which the men are perfecting will enable airmen to extricate themselves from almost any predicament in hostile terrain. They must be able to live off the land both in the Arctic and in tropical climates

MOUNT NGAURUHOE'S PLUME OF ASH-LADEN SMOKE : One of the three peaks of New Zealand's National Park viewed from the air during the recent eruption

In the centre of the North Island of New Zealand are the three great peaks of Ruateho (9,175 ft.), Tongariro (6,458 ft.) and Ngauruhoe (7,515 ft.). Of these, Tongariro is silent, but Ruateho and Ngauruhoe put up from time to time awe-inspiring performances. The latest eruption has concerned both the active craters, but by far the greater volume of ash-laden smoke issued from Ngauruhoe, a continuous column billowing skyward to darken the whole countryside around Lake Taupo and the National Park. A geologist of the New Zealand Government investigated Ngauruhoe's outburst, and found that most of the smoke and ash was issuing from a comparatively small vent. The hissing of the steam was punctuated by shattering explosions

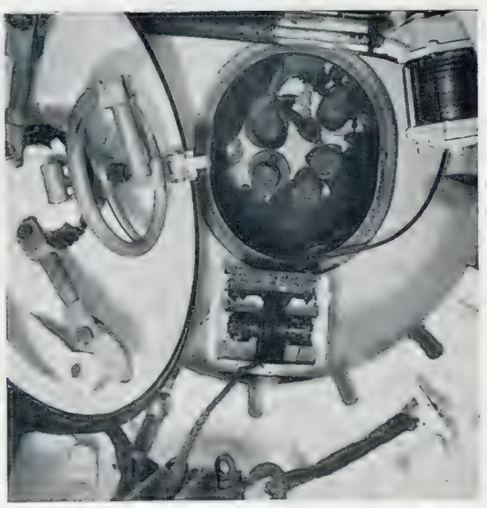
TWO TRAINEES, A WEASEL, AND ONLY THE SUN AND THE STARS TO GUIDE THEM : Members of the United States Military Air Rescue Team in Florida swamp country. They have been sent out into the wilds with a tracked vehicle, a rubber boat and no food. They have to live off the land, and they must find their way without navigational equipment

NGAURUHOE KEEPS GOING : Another view of the eruption of the 7,500-ft. peak, the first since 1934. Silent in the distance is Mount Ruateho, which had shared in the outbreak on the day previously, but which became quiescent after a few hours

SECRETARY OF STATE GEORGE MARSHALL HOLDS A TRICKY PRESS CONFERENCE : Mr. Marshall telling Pressmen in Washington that the American Government had no intention of entering into bilateral negotiations with Soviet Russia. This news came as a distinct shock after General Bedell Smith's conversations in Moscow with Mr. Molotov had presumably paved the way for such talks. The Secretary of State declared that if Russia is interested in improving world political conditions there " is urgent need for action through the United Nations."

A SCANDINAVIAN ROYAL OCCASION: Princess Astrid, younger daughter of Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha of Norway, is confirmed in the Chapel of the Royal Castle at Oslo. This family group was taken at the castle following the ceremony. Princess Astrid, who bears a striking resemblance to her aunt, the late Queen Astrid of the Belgians, is seated between her elder sister, Princess Ragnhild (aged eighteen) and Crown Princess Martha. Standing behind them are Crown Prince Olav and his son, Prince Harald (aged eleven)

FOR THE SECOND TIME CROWN PRINCESS JULIANA TAKES THE OATH AS REGENT OF THE NETHERLANDS: The Crown Princess, with her consort Prince Bernhard standing beside her, making her declaration before a joint session of the Netherlands Parliament in the Hall of Knights at The Hague. The ceremony followed a broadcast by Queen Wilhelmina, who has reigned over the Netherlands and its possessions for over fifty years, and who has now announced her intention of abdicating. Princess Juliana is to be Regent until the end of next August, and the Queen, after a short return, at her daughter's request, for the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, will relinquish the throne early in September. During her broadcast Queen Wilhelmina made reference to "too great a fatigue which benefits neither my work nor my health."



THE UNITED STATES NAVY DEMONSTRATES THE TECHNIQUE OF SUBMARINE RESCUE: Three pictures taken as the submarine rescue-vessel "Florikan," one of the latest craft of her kind in the world, showed the use of the diving bell. *Left*—**A marker being put overboard to show the position of a sunken submarine.** *Centre*—**The diving bell being lowered.** *Right*—**The diving bell reaches the submarine and, having been attached to its deck with special grapples, the escape hatch is opened. Members of the crew can then pass into the bell and subsequently they are brought to the surface. While Britain uses the Davis escape apparatus for submarine rescue, America relies on the diving bell. At the moment the United States Fleets have no fewer than ten submarine rescue vessels**

THE NEW JEWISH STATE OF ISRAEL COMES INTO BEING: Mr. David Ben-Gurion (left), the first Prime Minister of the new State, signing the historic document in Tel Aviv Art Museum at midnight on May 14-15, as the League of Nations Mandate came to an end. On the right is Mr. Moshe Shertok, who takes the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in the newly-formed Government

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE STATE OF ISRAEL: Dr. Chaim Weizmann, who has the vast task of guiding the fortunes of Israel. Dr. Weizmann's work in England as a scientist during the First World War placed Britain heavily in his debt

HAIM SHERTOK LOOKS OUT UPON A SCENE HE WILL NEVER FORGET: The son of Moshe Shertok, Palestine's new Minister of Foreign Affairs, looking from the Jewish Agency Building on East 66th Street, New York. Below him young Jews dance in the roadway to celebrate the proclamation of Israel

A MIGHTY FORTRESS OF ROCK ON THE BOUNDARIES OF TIBET AND CHINA : This dramatic mountain range, 250 miles or more south of the old Russian trade route into China, stands at the point where the Szechwan province of China meets the Kuku Nor province of north-eastern Tibet. It was photographed during the course of a recent survey flight from Lanchow to discover whether this remote corner of the world contained, as rumoured, a peak mightier than Everest. No peak of comparable altitude was found; but in an eleven-hour flight the explorers saw some of the most spectacular scenery in the world

BOUND FOR THE ROOF OF THE WORLD : Captain Moon F. Chin (left), the Chinese American operations manager of the Central Air Transport Corporation, with a Press correspondent before taking off on their flight to the Sino-Tibetan border

SEARCHING FOR A PEAK MIGHTIER THAN EVEREST

An Aerial Expedition to Far Western China and Eastern Tibet

There are still great tracts of the world untrodden by man, and many that have never been beheld. The aerial expedition which Captain Chin took into far-west China visited such terrain, and if it failed in its effort to find a peak higher than Everest, which was the declared intention of the journey, it brought back some incomparable photographs of mountain scenery. The total distance covered was 1,700 miles

On right—**NEAR THE HEADWATERS OF THE YELLOW RIVER : An aerial view of the great river, showing the cultivated terraces**

FIFTY MILES SOUTH-WEST OF THE AMNA MACHIN MOUNTAINS THE EXPEDITION CAME UPON THIS 21,000-FT. PEAK TOWERING SPECTACULARLY ABOVE THE 18,000-FT. PEAKS IN ITS VICINITY: This remote terrain in far-eastern Tibet has not yet been fully explored. It has been established by Captain Moon F. Chin and his colleagues, however, that there is no greater peak than Everest in this area, but, judging from the photographs, some of the eastern-Tibetan peaks would appear to be quite as inaccessible as the monarch of the Himalayas. Captain Chin checked the heights by four barometric altimeters

A MONARCH OF THE AMNA MACHIN RANGE: Looking across range after range of high peaks to an 18,000-ft. giant set in the midst of them. Before the age of the aeroplane it is probable that the more central peaks in this massif had never before been seen by man. The Amna Machin mountains lie about 100 miles south of the Kuku Nor Lake, which is itself situated at a height of 10,000 ft. Their existence has long been known to geographers

THE COLLEGE OF ERASMUS : The first court and entrance gatehouse of Queens' College, Cambridge, which this year is celebrating the 500th anniversary of its foundation, and which will receive a visit by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on June 7. It is 243 years since a Queen of England visited the College. Queens' was founded by Andrew Dokett under the patronage of Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI, and refounded by Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV. The connection of Erasmus with the College forms a proud chapter in its long history

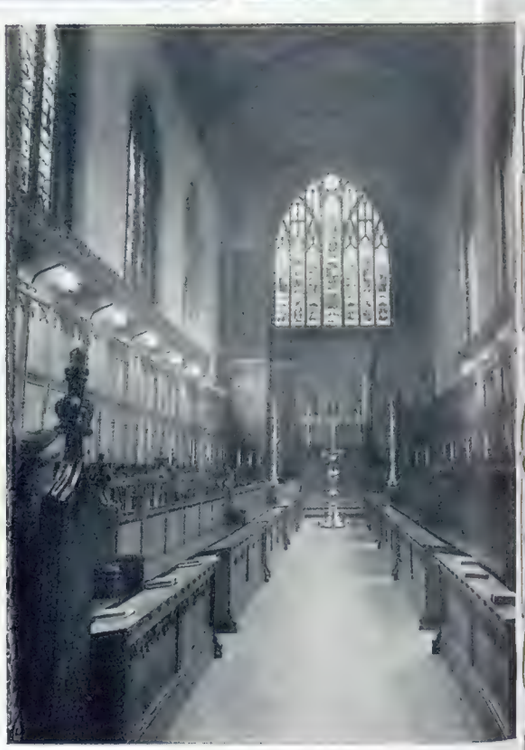
500 YEARS OF QUEENS' COLLEGE

Queen Elizabeth to Visit Cambridge for the Quincentenary Celebrations

Erasmus, the great Dutch humanist, who did more than any other scholar to advance intellectual liberty and to advance the revival of learning which belongs to the Renaissance, resided chiefly at Oxford in his early days in England, but when he revisited England in 1509 at the invitation of Bishop Fisher, it was Cambridge which claimed him and Queens' College which had the honour of giving him board and residence. In doing so, Erasmus added an illustrious chapter to the history of the College, which had been founded in the previous century by Margaret of Anjou, Consort of Henry VI. On June 7 Queens' celebrates its quincentenary, and the visit of Her Majesty the Queen will once again renew the College's link with Royalty. Elizabeth Woodville, Elizabeth of York, Catharine of Aragon, Catharine Parr, who interceded against the dissolution of the colleges, all visited Queens' in their day, while in 1564 the College surpassed itself in its reception of Queen Elizabeth. The last queenly visitor was Anne, who paid a visit to the College in 1705.

THE PRESIDENT OF QUEENS' COLLEGE : Dr. John Venn, who has guided the fortunes of the College for the past sixteen years

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CLOISTER COURT AT QUEENS' : This fine timbered building dates from the first half of the sixteenth century, about twenty years after the residence of Erasmus, whose presence was one of the outstanding events in the history of the College. Incorporated in the north side of the cloister is the President's Lodge. On the right is one of the windows of the great hall



THE CHOIR STALL AND ALTAR IN THE CHAPEL : This is not the original chapel of the College. It dates from the year 1891, and was the work of Bodley, who left his mark both upon Oxford and Cambridge

FROM THE OLD CLOISTER COURT OF QUEENS' A WOODEN BRIDGE CROSSES THE RIVER CAM TO THE COLLEGE GARDENS: The bridge was built in 1867, and is a replica of the original built in 1749. This view was taken on Silver Street Bridge above the Mill Pool, and shows the beautifully wooded aspect of Queens' Green

A TREASURE-HOUSE OF LEARNING: The Library at Queens'. When the Queen visits the College on June 7 she will see some priceless examples of Erasmus's works. They include the only book published in his native tongue, *In Praise of Folly* (1522); *Commentary on The New Testament*, published in Basle in 1519; New Testament in Greek and Latin with Notes (the last three are illustrated with wood-blocks by Holbein of pagan subjects); Volume I of the *Omnia Opera*, left in his will by Erasmus to Queens' College, and *Preceptes of Cato*, with annotations of D. Erasmus (1560), of which only two other copies are known

THE COLLEGE HALL WITH PORTRAITS ABOVE THE HIGH TABLE OF ERASMUS (LEFT), SIR THOMAS SMITH (RIGHT) AND THE REFOUNDRESS OF THE COLLEGE: The place of honour is given to Elizabeth Woodville, Consort of Edward IV. She refounded the College which was originally founded by Margaret of Anjou, Consort of Henry VI. Sir Thomas Smith, the sixteenth-century statesman, scholar and author, left his library to Queens' College and an annuity for the maintenance of two scholars

THE CAPITAL OF THE HIGHLANDS—THE RIVER NESS AND THE ROYAL BURGH OF INVERNESS VIEWED FROM THE CASTLE HEIGHTS: This summer, Inverness is once again to be the venue of the Highland Show, which takes place for the first time since the war and after the longest break since the annual series was begun. The King and Queen will attend the third day of the show on June 24. Inverness is situated at the point where the Ness enters the Beauly Firth

INVERNESS AND THE CROFTER COUNTIES

The Need for Developing Highland Resources

In June, Inverness, the Highland capital, will be host to Scotland for the great agricultural gathering now renewed after the long wartime break, just as Edinburgh will be host to Scotland in an essentially cultural sense when she stages her great festival of music and drama between August 22 and September 12. Inverness, standing astride the River Ness, is a city of great natural beauty and historic associations, and its big trade in cattle and agricultural produce has contributed more than anything else to its past prosperity. To-day it is in need of every aid that Government can give it, for these are hard times in the crofter counties, and something must be done soon to revive the Highland economy. A master plan is now under consideration by the Highlands and Islands Advisory Panel, which holds its next meeting at Inverness on June 11. Some of the details of this plan, locally described as "Marshall Aid for the Highlands," are given in the note on the next page. One important project which will particularly affect Invernesshire is the improvement in communications

PREPARING FOR THE FIRST POST-WAR HIGHLAND SHOW: Some of the timber which is being used for the erection of stands and enclosures in the forty acres or more of Bught Park, Inverness, which have been allocated for the show. Over 29,000 cub. ft. of timber have been ordered. A great deal of it comes from German forests

ONCE IT WAS THE SCENE OF A GOLD RUSH: The Suisgill Burn, where gold prospectors have in past times panned quantities of the precious metal. This is typical of the rugged crofter county of Sutherlandshire, where conditions on the small holdings are often pitiful, and the crofters, more than at any time in their lives, are having to fight hard for survival. Many have given up the task and accepted employment in the towns and on public works schemes offering a regular wage

TO SCHOOL AND BACK IS A SIX-MILE TRIP FOR THESE CROFTER CHILDREN : Christine MacClenan and Margaret Brown, who live at Killournan, Sutherlandshire, crossing the bridge on the way to school

A great deal of current talk about the "Highland problem," the plight of the crofter counties, begins with an assumption that nothing is being done. The fact is that much has been accomplished, and the recommendations for the development and re-development of the crofter counties which the Highlands and Islands Advisory Panel are to discuss again next month show the far-reaching nature of the plans already made. The Panel will afterwards send its recommendations to the Scottish Economic Conference. A survey of the Moray Firth and Cromarty Firth areas indicates good possibilities for fruit growing. Harvesting and marketing have, of course, to be considered in this connection, and also the establishment of canning factories. Meanwhile, on the borders of Sutherland and Ross and Cromarty, a similar survey has been carried out by the Scottish Department of Agriculture, and as a result a scheme is being worked out by which forestry and farming will provide for twice or thrice as many people as at present live in the Lairg, Loch Shin, and Strath Oykell areas. The importance of the problem is beyond all doubt, and it is to be hoped that the news of Sutherland's fast-declining population will lend urgency to the ensuing deliberations

THE LONELINESS OF A SUTHERLAND CROFT : A magnificently wild stretch of country showing the Helmsdale River, and towering in the distance the broad mass of Elderable Peak. In many parts of Sutherlandshire the sight of ruined crofts is common enough, and the population has dwindled steadily during the past two years. There is much good pastoral land in Sutherlandshire, but the neglect of past years has made farming in this essentially crofter county a precarious business. Regulating for the seven crofter counties is a particularly difficult task as their 280,000 people are scattered over 14,000 square miles of land. As a result sectionalism is inevitable between county and county

WHERE THE SUTHERLAND GOLD-DIGGERS SWEPT DOWN IN 1868-1869 IN THE GREATEST GOLD RUSH IN BRITAIN'S HISTORY : Looking across the Suisgill Burn, near Kildonan. On this broad plain the prospectors pitched their tents and many of them met with a fair measure of success. This picture evidences very clearly the nature of the country where cultivated land can, at best, yield only a modest return and the crofter's work is usually out of all proportion to his gain

YACHT-RACING COMES INTO ITS OWN AGAIN—VESSELS MOVING AWAY TO THE STARTING-LINE AT HARWICH PIER BEFORE THE START OF THE ROYAL OCEAN YACHT CLUB'S RACE TO THE HOOK OF HOLLAND: This was the first of the season's big events, and there is every prospect that yachting is going to enjoy a season of vast popularity. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who have accepted as a wedding gift from the Island Sailing Club one of the new Dragon-class yachts intend to take an active interest in the sport and, with their lead, the smaller classes of yacht are likely to be preferred. The days of the great J-class boats would seem to be over as far as individual ownership is concerned. The latest Dragon-class yachts, especially intended for inexpensive racing, cost in the region of £1,000 to build

BRITAIN'S LAST HIGH COMMISSIONER IN PALESTINE RETURNS TO ENGLAND: General Sir Alan Cunningham, who relinquished office at midnight on May 14 as Britain's Mandate from the League of Nations came to an end, seen as he alighted from an air-liner at Heathrow. Sir Alan travelled from Jerusalem to Haifa by plane. From Haifa to Malta he was in the cruiser *Euryalus*, and the remainder of the journey was by air

SHEEP-SHEARING IN A LONDON PARK: Men engaged in shearing operations beneath the trees in Kensington Gardens. London's flock, which was brought to the park in early spring, must have been glad to be relieved of its burden, as the shearing took place during the height of the post-Whitsun heat-wave. An enthralled audience watching from the fence saw some first-rate fleecing

TO MARK THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER: The scene before the grave in Petersham Churchyard, Surrey, after the Lord Mayor of London had planted an arbutus tree beside the grave and wreaths had been laid by the Mayor of Richmond and British Columbia's Minister for Trade and Industry. Mr. Norman Robertson, High Commissioner for Canada, was also present at the ceremony. Captain George Vancouver, who was born about the year 1758, reached the north-west coast of America in 1792, and in that year sailed past the island that was later named after him

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE SHEEP-SHEARER WHO IS HIS OWN BUSINESS EFFICIENCY EXPERT: Fleeces being laid out to dry in the sun after early morning shearing operations at Water Hatch Farm, near Winchcombe. Mr. Cecil Corfield, who recently took over this isolated property in the heart of the Cotswolds, does his shearing with the aid of electricity of his own making. He has built a new dam in the mill stream, and, by fitting pulleys and shafting to the ancient waterwheel, he is able to drive a dynamo which gives him ample current at a cheap rate for all the domestic and business needs of the farm. Mr. Corfield's sheep-shearing equipment is driven direct from the dynamo, and he gets at all times a smooth and even power supply

A Survey of the Home News

MAY-TIME IN TOWN AND COUNTRYSIDE

THERE WAS HELP CLOSE AT HAND WHEN THE LONDON-BRADFORD EXPRESS MET WITH DISASTER: Wreckage of the crashed train lying on the embankment at Wath, near Rotherham, after the express had been derailed at speed. At the place where the accident happened the line runs through the yard of Manvers Main Colliery. Colliery officials summoned engineers and ambulance men to the number of 100 or more from the surface works and underground, and while the ambulance men were attending to the injured, the engineers were able to remove wreckage to release trapped passengers. Eight people were killed

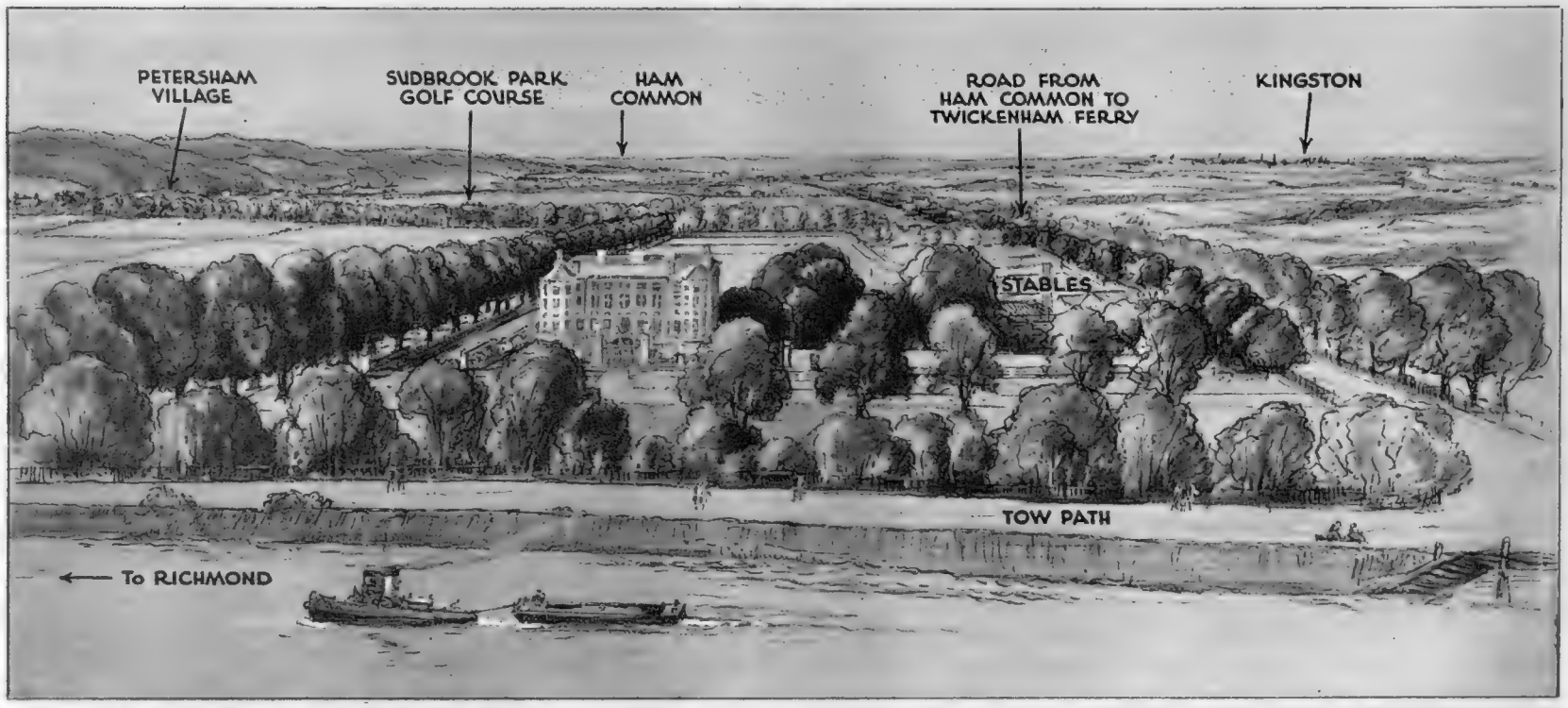
"THE TRAIN JUST DOUBLED UP AND THERE WAS A GREAT BILLOWING CLOUD OF STEAM AND DUST": This was the description of the Bradford Express disaster given by a worker in the office of Manvers Main Colliery who, almost before the coaches had come to rest, had sent out the first-aid alarm

THE VILLAGE OF HELMSDALE IS FALLING INTO DECAY: Looking across the houses of this little Sutherlandshire port on the Moray Firth, a view showing the breakwater with its large gaps and its quay, which is said to be badly in need of repair

CHANGE AND DECAY IN HELMSDALE: Some of the ruined houses of this fishing village on the east coast of Sutherlandshire. Helmsdale is gradually becoming one of the county's "ghost villages." Once it was known to fishermen from all parts of Scotland, and it was a port of call for sailing-vessels from as far afield as the Northern Russian ports. To-day the scene is completely transformed. Only fifteen boats are based there; the harbour and breakwaters have had huge gaps pounded in them by the sea. Over the village there hangs an atmosphere of hopelessness. Since the end of the war sixty ex-Servicemen have left to seek work and enjoy the amenities of the towns and city. Fifty years ago over 300 boats used the harbour; and there were big fish-curing sheds. (*See* Inverness and the Crofter Counties on pages 274-75 of this issue)

WITH A HEAD FOR HEIGHTS AND AN EYE FOR BUSINESS: Collecting sea-bird eggs from the Yorkshire coast. Suspended by a rope "chair" in mid-air more than 200 ft. down the Old Stairs Cliff at Bempton, near Bridlington, Yorks., Bob Hartley, a Bempton haulage contractor, swings away from the cliff face with its ugly jagged edges and the sea 100 ft. below. Wearing a pitman's helmet as protection against falling stones and a harness body-belt of rope, he moves along the ledges and crevices, gathering the eggs of the guillemot, razorbill, kittiwake and puffin. With the other members of his team, Alf Corner, Bill Prince and Arthur Edmond, he makes quite a good extra income every year. The eggs they collect find a ready market in all parts of the country, hotels being the best customers

THIS VILLAGE HAS ITS OWN HEALTH SERVICE: Members of Harting Friendly Society are played through the streets to the village church at Harting, West Sussex, prior to the annual Whitsun feast. The Friendly Society was formed 142 years ago to assist the poor and sick of the village by making them a grant of 1s. 8d. a day, a grant that has been a boon to generations of Harting folk. One of the rules of the society is that every member shall assemble on Whit Sunday at the White Hart Inn, march (hazel twig or branch in hand) to the service at the parish church, and then march back to the inn for the feast. Those who don't march pay a fine of one shilling. In the '80's of the last century Harting was associated with the name of Anthony Trollope, who lived at North End, now known as The Grange



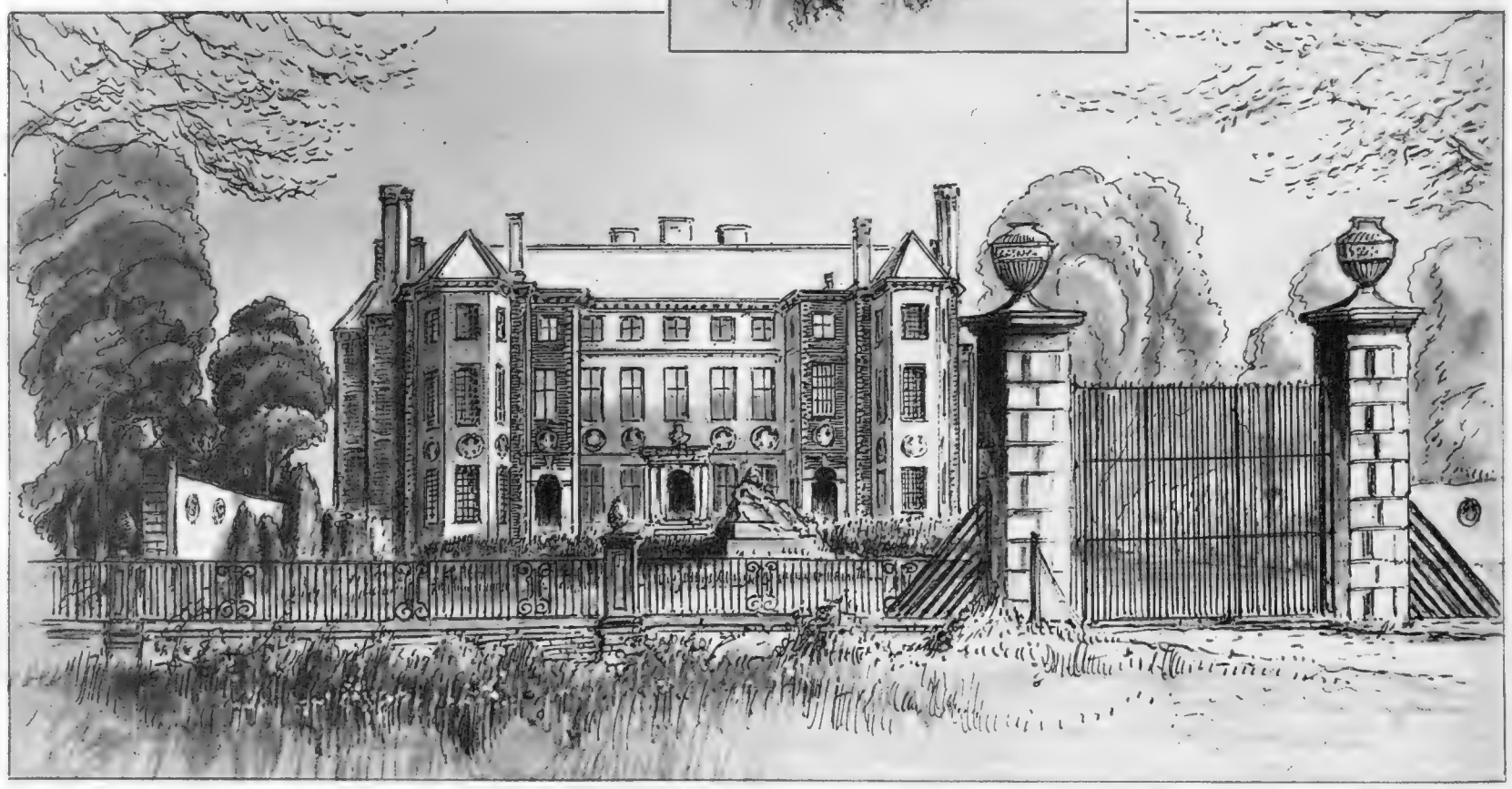
HAM HOUSE BECOMES THE PROPERTY OF THE NATION : A diagrammatic drawing of the house and its surrounding parkland. Ham House, home of the Dysart family for 300 years, overlooks the Thames at Richmond. Its owner, Sir Lyonel Tollemache, present head of the Dysart family, has given the house to the National Trust and the contents have been bought by the Government from Sir Lyonel for £90,000. They will constitute a museum of the Restoration period. The grounds of Ham House will become a public park

BRITAIN'S NEWLY ACQUIRED RESTORATION MUSEUM

Ham House, Richmond, is Presented to the National Trust

Ham House is a great acquisition for the nation, and experts on the Restoration period declare that its contents at £90,000, which is what they cost the Government, are a considerable bargain. The house was the scene of the Cabal meetings during the time of Charles II, and it contains a fine collection of art treasures, including pictures by Van Dyck, Reynolds and Hoppner, and valuable furniture, mostly of the post-Restoration period. It was stated last January, when it first became known that Sir Lyonel Tollemache was presenting the house to the nation, that the new museum would probably be associated with the Victoria and Albert Museum, and that it would probably be under the supervision of Mr. Leigh Ashton. Many features of Ham House date from the time of the first Duke of Lauderdale, the notorious member of the Cabal whose biographer has described him as more like "the vizier of an Oriental sovereign than the servant of a constitutional king." Many of the rooms to-day are just as they were in the time of Lauderdale—*Drawings by Percy Home.*

THE GATEHOUSE AT HAM HOUSE : Above the doorway are the Dysart-Tollemache arms, and stretching away in the distance is the great avenue. *On left*—A corner of Ham House garden. The medallions in the walls depict classic personages



THE MAIN FRONTAGE OF HAM HOUSE—A VIEW LOOKING THROUGH THE OLD GATEWAY PAST THE FIGURE OF FATHER THAMES : On the walls above the first floor are inset sculptural medallions. These busts of Emperors are made of lead, painted stone colour. The date of the erection of the house—1610—and the words "vivat rex" appear above the central doorway. The gates have not been opened since the time of Charles II. A sunken wall separates the immediate garden area from the Ham Walks. Swift, Gay and Pope used to stroll in these grounds, and they are frequently referred to in Walpole's letters

RESTORING "BLITZED" EXETER CATHEDRAL

Repairing Buttresses and Windows

When a bomb struck the south side of the Choir of St. James's Chapel, Exeter Cathedral on May 4, 1942, 2,000 tons of masonry were thrown down and immense damage was wrought by blast within the choir. Three bays of flying buttresses on the south side were affected, and it seemed that the whole structural stability of one of Britain's finest cathedrals was in imminent danger. In 1946 a licence for the repair work was granted, and the Dean and Chapter issued an appeal for £75,000. Not only have flying buttresses and buttress arches to be repaired, but the seventeenth-century organ-case and the fifteenth-century oak screens have had to be pieced together out of shattered fragments

PREPARING ONE OF EXETER'S STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS: Mr. L. J. Rosevear, the Cathedral glazier, at work on a panel from the great East Window, which requires releading. This window was not damaged by the blitz, but it is a victim of old age

MARKING OUT FULL-SIZE TEMPLATES OF THE TRACERY OF A WINDOW: Mr. Phillips, assistant to Exeter's cathedral architect, Mr. H. M. R. Drury, seen at work on the floor of the Lady Chapel, which he finds a convenient spot for a large-scale operation of this kind. Exeter Cathedral was damaged by a bomb in 1942, and since 1946 the task of repairing the damage has been pushed steadily forward

AT WORK ON THE BLITZED SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL: Masons installing new stonework, an intricate task even for men with a lifetime of experience

REPAIRING THE FAMED FLYING BUTTRESSES ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL: *Left*—A view of the three bays which suffered bomb damage and the repair of which is now nearing completion. *Right*—Looking down on the bays. It will not be long before the new stonework gains the same patina as the original work. It will be noted that some of the buttress pinnacles are missing. Much of the Cathedral dates from the twelfth-century

MORE ABOUT DUBLIN AND DISTRICT

A Visit to the Dail and a Pilgrimage to the Castle

By CHARLES GRAVES

COURTOWN

BEFORE leaving Dublin I duly visited the Dail when in session and the Jameson Whiskey Distillery. The latter establishment was experimenting for the first time in its history with Australian barley, but, of course, the public will not know the result for another seven years. It was here that I learnt the difference between Scotch and Irish whiskey. But it would take too long to explain, and I recommend anyone with a thirst for this information to look up SPIRIT in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, where he will be told all about it. What particularly interested me was to learn that the actual *flavour is largely dependent on the shape of the neck of the long pipe which comes out of the still.* Incredible but true.

The Dail used to be the lecture theatre of the Royal Dublin Society, and even at Question Time there is still an atmosphere of academic learning rather than politics. It does not need to be large, as there are only 147 Deputies. Indeed, there are more seats than are required—the opposite to the House of Commons. Another improvement is that the Press Gallery is right on top of the Speaker, so Parliamentary reporters are better off than Cabinet Ministers when it comes to acoustics and a view of the whole Chamber. The Public Gallery is caged in, rather like the gallery at the old Velodrome d'Hiver in Paris, when there is boxing. But this is merely to prevent people's hats from falling on to the Deputies, not to stop the throwing of bottles, as in Paris. After a few minutes in the Gallery an officer in the Irish Army came and sat beside me. He was wearing a war ribbon—buff and black in colour. I asked about it and discovered that it was the Black and Tan ribbon for fighting against England between 1916 and 1922. The medal itself carries an effigy of a Black and Tan. Major De Valera, whom I met a few minutes later, was in mufti and so I couldn't tell what military distinctions he possesses. He is lean and sallow and does not know when his famous father is returning to Ireland. I forget who told me that Cabinet Ministers and Parliamentary Secretaries who remain in office for five years get an automatic pension of £500 and £300 a year respectively, but it seems a good idea. Another excellent example furnished by the Dail is that the Government in power nearly always repeals an Act or withdraws a tax which proves to be ill-judged within a matter of months of passing it—extra taxes on beer, stout and wines and the former restriction on cream being recent cases in point. Before leaving the Dail I was introduced to Mr. Costello, the Prime Minister, with whom I had a long talk on the subject of golf and the Irish Tourist Board. The introduction was effected at five minutes' notice and was delightfully informal.

From the Dail I went up to Dublin Castle on a personal pilgrimage to see the Chapel Royal where my grandfather, as resident Dean, used to preach. Alas, the pulpit has been taken away, for in 1943 this Protestant stronghold turned to the Roman Catholic faith and it was thought that the pulpit obscured the view of the altar. Dublin Castle to-day is the Whitehall of the city. It also includes the Irish equivalent of Scotland Yard, and the beautiful Viceregal Gardens are ruined by the erection of air-raid shelters, which, however, will be removed one of these years—or so they say.

This is unquestionably the right season to visit Ireland. The gardens of the Gentlemen's Houses are glowing with azaleas, magnolias, rhododendrons and cherry blossom. The countryside is at its greenest and most lush.

Powerscourt, where *Henry V* was filmed, is no exception. The gardens (and waterfall), which are open to the public on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays, are quite superb. The waterfall, by the by, claims to be the highest in the United Kingdom—392 ft. from top to bottom. In the gardens there are eucalyptus trees, lily ponds, a cemetery for the family's dogs and ponies, an Italian garden and a Japanese ditto. In this there is a warning notice from Lord Powerscourt to the effect that if any more damage is done by the public, he will close the whole demesne. "Damage" is defined in half-a-dozen ways, the most startling being "throwing cannon-balls into the shrubbery off the battlements." These battlements are part of a small tower in the grounds used as an outdoor exhibition of cannon which includes one specimen from the Spanish Armada, another from the Battle of the Boyne, and a third—incongruously enough—from the Great Eastern Railway. This was a signal gun and is dated 1856.

In the village of Enniskerry near by is a typical good Irish country hotel, the Powerscourt Arms, which feeds its visitors *on its own* ducks, salmon, bacon, ham, beef, mutton, trout, cream, eggs, butter, cheese and fresh vegetables. It is astonishingly inexpensive and was obviously popular with English visitors, all being fattened up like store cattle. Which reminds me that I have so far escaped Liffey stomach, akin to Gippy Tummy, which usually assails hungry English visitors about three to four days after they have arrived in Ireland. Future visitors, beware! They say that it can easily put you to bed for a week if you tempt Providence by eating too much meat and drinking too much cream. So far I have kept off the cream . . .

From Enniskerry we made our way down the lovely Avoca Valley. Near the Meeting of the Waters, where Tom Moore wrote his celebrated poem under the now very dead oak (?), are some ugly-looking surface workings yielding copper ore and other mineral ore from which ochre and sulphur are extracted—or rather, *were* extracted. For the new Government has refused to continue the subsidy. This is just as well for the people with property on the banks lower downstream, because the salmon coming up to spawn are asphyxiated by the effluents seeping into the water from the mines.

It was here that we made a discovery of something which in turn may create a genuine gold rush. Four miles away on the side of the road, we came across a pile of mining machinery—drills, winches, and all the rest of it. The next morning digging, or rather drilling, for gold was due to begin. There had been nothing about it in any of the Irish newspapers, although thousands of pounds' worth of gold was taken out of the neighbourhood in the eighteenth century. For documentary purposes, the site of the mine—half-way up a real hill-billy mountainside—is Ballinagore. The young engineer in charge told me all about it, thinking apparently that I was a representative of the Dublin syndicate employing him. He had enough tackle to go down 2,000 ft. if necessary. But he expects to find his gold at about 500 ft. The geology suggests that he might get his strike near the surface, as there is every sign of erstwhile volcanic disturbances. As he spoke, he picked up a bit of quartz and explained that this was the kind of thing he was looking for.

After wishing him and his syndicate all kinds of good luck, we drove by a side road towards Arklow. At which point the excellence of the Irish roads to-day should be stressed very strongly. Even the side roads—apart from the cart-track lanes—are good. Most of them, though, are very badly signposted. On this occasion we asked a girl our way to Shelton Abbey. Her reply was "Niver wanst stir from vour left and ye 'll be right on it."

Shelton Abbey is another Gentleman's House. These gentleman's houses, be they castles or abbeys or mansions, need a tremendous lot of upkeep (Powerscourt has ten gardeners, and it must need all of them), and present their owners with a pretty problem. Some contrive to live in them, almost starving themselves in order to do so. Others, the majority, sell them to monastic orders or charities or business firms. A very few, like Lord Wicklow, turn them into hotels, coming down themselves just for the week-end. Shelton Abbey, Lord Wicklow's country place, charges 14 guineas a week *en pension*, and remains just as it did a year ago, before it received guests. The ancestral atmosphere can be cut with a knife. There are pictures by Canaletto, Vernet, Leonardo da Vinci in the "saloon." There are stained-glass windows with the family crest on them, huge open fireplaces, a gigantic billiard room, and charming cut glass. The only thing which is missing are footmen in his Lordship's livery.

When we visited it, over Whitsun, it was full. One advantage for those people who want to relax in a big way is that it is not on the telephone, in spite of its magnificence and the fact that the local Deputy is Minister of Posts and Telegraphs.

Our port of call that night was the Oulart Hotel at Courtown, from where I am writing. The interest of this hotel is that it is a State hotel. The only previous occasion on which I have stayed at a State hotel was in Spain. This used to be the dower-house of the Earls of Courtown, and has been converted to take 25 guests. The charge for a double bedroom and an enormous Irish breakfast for two people is nineteen shillings. And except for July, August and September, when it is 8½ guineas a week, the full pension is 6½ guineas. There are five of these State hotels dotted round the twenty-six counties. Their official object is to raise the standard of neighbouring hotels, in special reference to cleanliness, service, price, and such things as bathrooms and living-rooms. The manager of this one claims to have created a great improvement in all the hotels within a number of miles. He is probably right at that. The State company which owns these hotels is known as the Failta Teooranta—Irish for "the Welcome Company." This place certainly makes one very welcome.

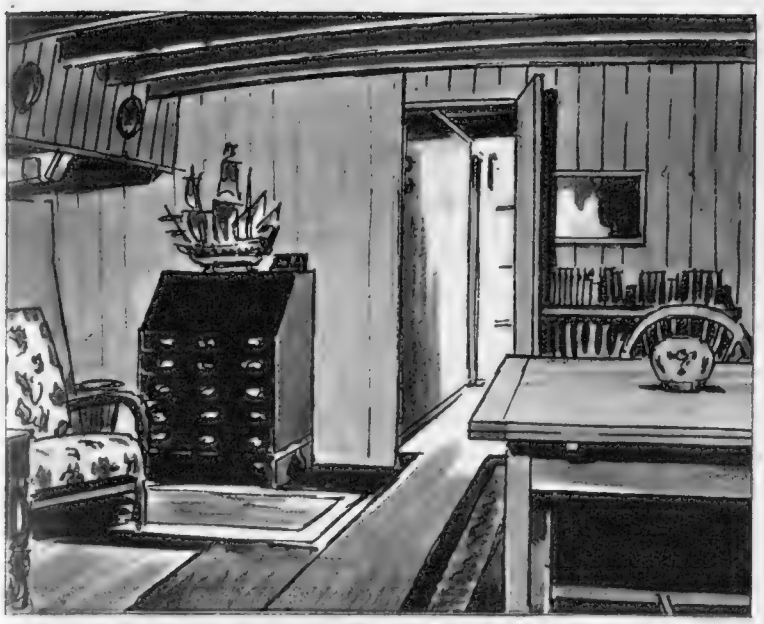
P.S.—If anyone thinks I failed to visit St. Michan's Church in Dublin, he is wrong. And I duly shook hands for luck with the somewhat claw-like hand of the 800-year-old mummified Crusader preserved without embalming so miraculously and inexplicably.

BRINGING A CASUALTY TO SAFETY IN THE WELSH MOUNTAINS: *Left*—A cameraman, perched precariously on a ledge beside the injured man, records the approach of the rescue party, and (*right*) the rescuers lowering the casualty down the sheer face of Tryfan, a 3,000-ft. peak in North Wales. These photographs were taken during the making of a film to warn the public against foolhardy exploits in the mountains. The film was made during the Whitsun holidays

WARNING TO THE VENTURESOME

Every spring and summer bring news of accidents amid the mountains of England, Scotland and Wales, largely as a result of the inexperience of climbers. Subsequent rescue attempts are often hazardous in the extreme, and may have to be made when weather conditions are all against success and may well lead to further disaster. During the Whitsun holidays a Chester film company, with local climbing enthusiasts acting as members of the cast, visited the 3,000-ft. peak of Tryfan, in the Bettws-y-coed district of North Wales, and, amid some of Britain's finest and most fearsome rock scenery, enacted a film which is designed as a warning to the overventuresome. If the film succeeds in its purpose, local mountaineers, who have answered many an emergency call in the past, will breathe a collective sigh of relief.

A RESCUER AND THE RESCUED COME DOWN THE CLIFFS OF TRYFAN: A perilous stage of the journey as the sled is lowered by ropes over the slippery surface of the rocks



THE SALOON OF THE BARGE YACHT "GOOD TEMPLAR": An example of just what can be done to provide comfortable quarters in a converted Thames sailing barge. The saloon extends the full width of the hull. The average cost of a converted barge is about £3,000

THAMES BARGES INTO HOMES

Converting the Old Sailing Craft in a Medway Creek

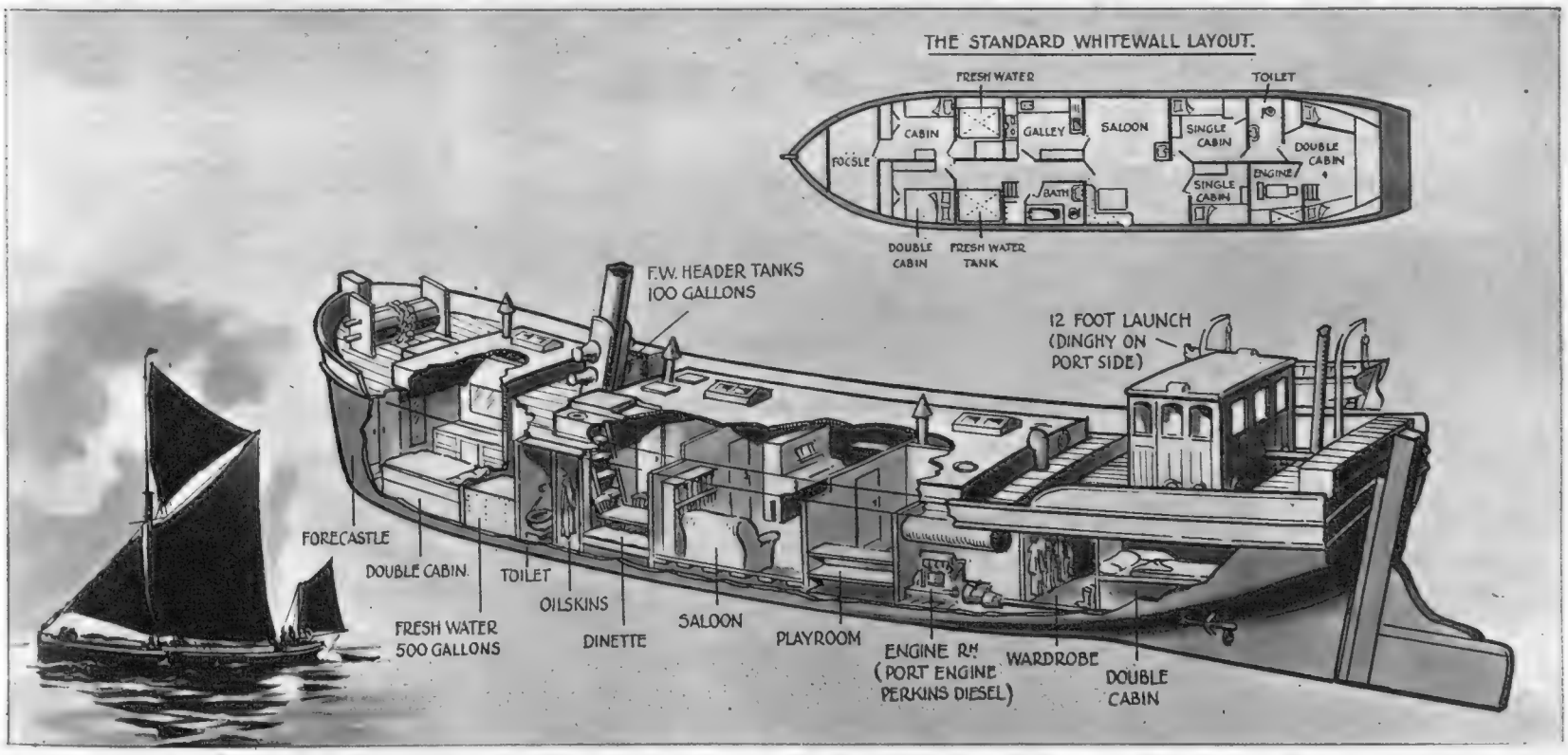
The housing shortage has made many Londoners consider having a home on the river where mooring fees are cheap and rates are non-existent, unless the local authority be particularly acquisitive. Wartime assault craft make very good conversions, and up and down the Thames these are to be seen by the hundred. On a more elaborate scale is the converted Thames sailing barge. In a creek on the Medway near Rochester many Thames sailing barges have in recent months been transformed into spacious and comfortable floating homes and others are now in process of transformation.

Realising the appeal that these craft have, the Whitewall Barge, Yacht and Boat Co. Ltd., when they began business some two years ago, decided to specialise on the conversion of these vessels. Suitable barges are difficult to find, and when they do come on the market there is no lack of customers.

In their conversion, the original rig is retained, together with all the customary working gear. Shipwrights take over and recondition the hull, gear and sails, and the vessel is then submitted for independent survey as being "fit to carry dry cargoes." A standard conversion plan is usually adhered to, with minor variations to suit each client.

The barge yacht has a very shallow draught of only 2 ft. 6 ins. to 3 ft., which allows her to enter a wide range of harbours denied to deeper craft, and her flat bottom enables her to remain upright when she takes the ground. The barges need a crew of two, and the new owners find little difficulty in handling their craft themselves. The box-shaped hull allows for house-sized accommodation between decks, with plenty of light and 7 ft. to 8 ft. head-room. Accommodation normally includes three or four sleeping cabins, galley, bathroom and saloon. The fresh-water tanks have a capacity of 1,100 gallons. A barge requires less power for propulsion than other vessels of its size, and a 30-h.p. motor will give an approximate speed of 4 to 4½ knots, while a 60-h.p. unit will give up to 5 to 6 knots.

THE "VENTA" MAKES FAST IN WHITEWALL CREEK: A Thames barge awaiting conversion into a yacht on the River Medway. Two other barges, also awaiting conversion, are in the creek at the same time. The smaller barges have a length of 75 to 80 ft., and a beam of 18 ft. The larger barges, the coasters, can carry cargoes of 120 to 160 tons deadweight and range up to 85 ft. in length



A SPACIOUS HOME AND NO RATES TO PAY: A sectional view showing the port side of the accommodation on board the Thames barge yacht "Winifred." She is 81 ft. in length and has a beam of 20 ft., the deadweight capacity being 160 tons. This barge, which has twin screws, has had an extra elaborate conversion. The double cabin aft is the full width of the ship. Ahead of the saloon on the starboard side are the galley, bathroom and study. On the left is the barge yacht "Leslie" as she appears after conversion, and above is the "Winifred," having the Whitewall lay-out—*Drawings by Laurence Dunn*

New Lamps and Old

THE ART OF REJECTION

Some Thoughts on Cutting a Manuscript By JOHN GORE

THE ART OF REJECTION.—In my youth, I used this title once before for my contribution to a volume of *Essays of the Year*. I was flattered to be asked to the party, of which G.K.C. was the lion, and I took some trouble over it.

Of late I have been engaged in reducing by 80,000 words a long book of mine to fit it for a popular edition—a tiresome, grievous task, but a corrective. For I found that my youthful wisecracks on revision, pruning, and all the rest of *ars scribendi* stood the test of time. The long book which I have been cutting ran in the original to 190,000 words, and with no book did I take more pains to find the *mot juste* and to reject the unnecessary and the irrelevant. I achieved the cuts necessary in three readings, and I found the first cut child's play. My maturer eye blue-pencilled 10,000 quite unnecessary words, with obvious benefit to this once carefully edited book! So much for precepts. The second cut was a harder struggle, and chiefly an elimination

THE SAGE OF WALLINGFORD: Dean Inge, who celebrates his eighty-eighth birthday on June 6, is seen walking in the garden of his Berkshire home at Brightwell Manor, near Wallingford. Dean Inge's first publication was in 1886, when he wrote "Society in Rome under the Cæsars," and he remains as prolific a writer as ever. It is over thirteen years since he resigned as Dean of St. Paul's, and his appearances in London are now few and far between. Last March, however, he came up for the day to give his views to members of the City Conservative Association. Of recent weeks the Dean has been ill, and it was reported at Whitsun that he was entering Middlesex Hospital for an operation

of those purple passages so dear to a red-hot author. The final cut was a rejection of subject-matters not absolutely essential to the painting or building-up of my subject's character, and this was the "unkindest cut of all."

For the first two cuts I could follow accepted rules of style. For the last I had to rely on my own judgment alone. The art of selection and rejection of words is indeed governed by a number of rules pretty generally accepted, whether one writes after the manner of Macaulay or Churchill, or of Tacitus or Masefield.

And these rules suggest to a man who has rigorously applied them to his own work that almost every adjective is highly suspect. Nothing can justify its use unless it is carrying its absolute maximum weight. The elementary or elemental words in our language need no qualifications. One may indeed observe with approval the piling up of adjectives by skilled hands endeavouring to build up an atmosphere of tension or terror, as in *Typhoon* or *High Wind in Jamaica*; yet if one turn from such coloured narrative to that of the translators of the Bible, one cannot but be struck by the equal or greater dramatic effect of economy and simplicity. As, for example, in the narrative of the betrayal of Christ:

> "And he went out and it was night."

Could any adjective, any polysyllable, add force and colour to the atmosphere of tragedy built up by those eight short words? Every writer should read the Bible before beginning his day's work. And the art of selection of nouns and verbs connotes an equally rigid rejection of the elaborate. The short, simple, Anglo-Saxon-rooted word is to be preferred. Exaggeration disperses, and does not canalise, force. It is permissible perhaps to "adore" caramels, but it is much more telling to "love" your mother or your wife. In matters of life and death, a man rejects superlatives and exaggeration, and comes back to the first words he learned. And that, I fancy, is why the prose of men of action is so often fine and classic. The last passages in Captain Scott's journal, Wolfe's or Nelson's dying words, these are the sentences which ring true down the ages for their stark simplicity. It is significant that the love of turgid phraseology and meaningless polysyllables belongs to the desk soldiers and brass-hats.

I am not perhaps well-equipped to give advice to young authors in general terms, but if I ventured to try, my first rule would be: Regard any adjective with distrust and hesitate before you substitute a polysyllabic for a one-syllable word, a bastard for a native, a tuppenny-coloured for a penny plain. There is more force (even in the hammer blow of a snub) in "I do not know the name" than in Lord Curzon's "I am not familiar with the appellation."

And my Rule 2 would be: don't be afraid of repetition, if you have found the right word. Use it to death.

> "And God said, Let there be light and there was light."

If you hesitate to use the operative word twice and toy with substitutes, you are lost. You will find yourself falling back on: "Let there be light and the latter occurred," or perhaps, "a brilliant illumination supervened." (But here *I* am guilty of exaggeration.)

THE MAN THEY USED TO CALL THE "GLOOMY DEAN": Dean Inge outside his home at Brightwell Manor. At eighty-eight he considers himself to be "on the shelf," but he remains a most forceful writer

On Writing Biography.—A few reflections of the writing of biography may be a little less difficult to justify. For indeed I have read most of the best in our language. Old or new, classics or otherwise, they have their faults. Diffuseness and redundancy were the chief faults of the older. The modern school has corrected these faults but too often falls into others.

Myself, I still adhere to the maxim that a good biography is "a book with a hero." Within the limits of truth, the writer must admire his subject (for all his faults, which, indeed, should enhance his great qualities), and, more, he must not underrate or despise the age in which his subject lived.

Debunking is the cardinal sin of the modern young biographer, and Guedalla's easy, glittering cynicism has attracted a large and trivial school, especially among women.

No history, no biography, can ever present the truth unless the conditions of thought and the economics or logistics of the time are understood and appreciated and related fairly to the subject's actions. The biographer of a Victorian who despises the age for its smugness, narrowness, hypocrisy, and so forth, cannot hope to produce a definitive or balanced portrait. Lytton Strachey was a man hard to follow, because he is hard to understand.

The bright young person who regards the age in which he lives as the apex of wisdom merely puts the foolscap on his head for the laughter of his posterity. For radio and faster-than-time jet-planes are *not* the last words. They are but bows and arrows in Time's museum.

"How clever we are." That is but an echo from Old Rome, from Elizabethan England, from the Victorian Age. *Pereunt et imputantur.* The account runs on. . . .

Facts, not Fictions.—And another thing, biography is not fiction. It is severe and strict as history. The kind of imagination required is sympathy with one's subject, getting into his shoes, into his period, his way of life and thought, comprehending his difficulties. It is not *invention*, it is not putting into his mouth words which there is no evidence that he uttered, or guessing his thoughts. When I read in a cracked-up biography some such sentence as this: "Meanwhile, a certain one-eyed Post-Captain, seasick and heart sore, in the stormy Biscay, dreamed of a baby's cot in a Surrey nursery . . .," I shut the book and decide that what I have been reading is neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. It is an example of a competent historian, seduced to imitate Guedalla, lowering for a space the accepted standards of biography. It is bad biography and bastard novel-writing. The mistake which too many modern biographers make is to underrate the intelligence and imagination of their readers. In this they perhaps overdo a not unnatural cynicism. But, if readers in bulk are not remarkable for intelligence, there is no justification for underrating the pure drama and romance inherent always in stark biographical statistics. The average reader, interested in human life, can find for himself, without artificial aids, all he requires of thrills and romance in the rationed facts of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, even in the autobiographical notes of *Who's Who*.

He asks for the truth, not for guesses. He prefers to speculate for himself. And the truth means the whole truth, *balance*. A public character, statesman, prelate, great captain or artist, rightly estimated, may often be proved to have exerted over his generation more influence by means of his character than his actions, more charm by his personal traits than by his ability or art. Time and again in such biographies, the personal side is sacrificed to the public achievements.

Yet there is more life in a vivid sidelight on character than in a hecatomb of those dead and dusty donkeys, old political or religious controversies. If you chose Dizzy as your subject and gave an undue share of your available space to his political achievements, you might find your reader asking himself: "What, after all, did Dizzy *do*?" The imperial crown of India (for example) has not outlived our interest in Dizzy's extraordinary character. Or consider the cases of Bishops, William Temple or Charles Gore. Old religious controversy may become the deadest of all dead donkeys. I feel very sure that the influence which Charles Gore's life still sheds on posterity, and the interest which it still evokes, is not due to the line he took over the *Lux Mundi* or "corporate principle" controversies, but to the remembered charm and warmth of his vivid personality.

Indeed it is a cardinal virtue in a biographer never to forget that the personality of a public man may outlast his achievements. Alive or dead, a truly great man is ranked not by what he did but by what he was.

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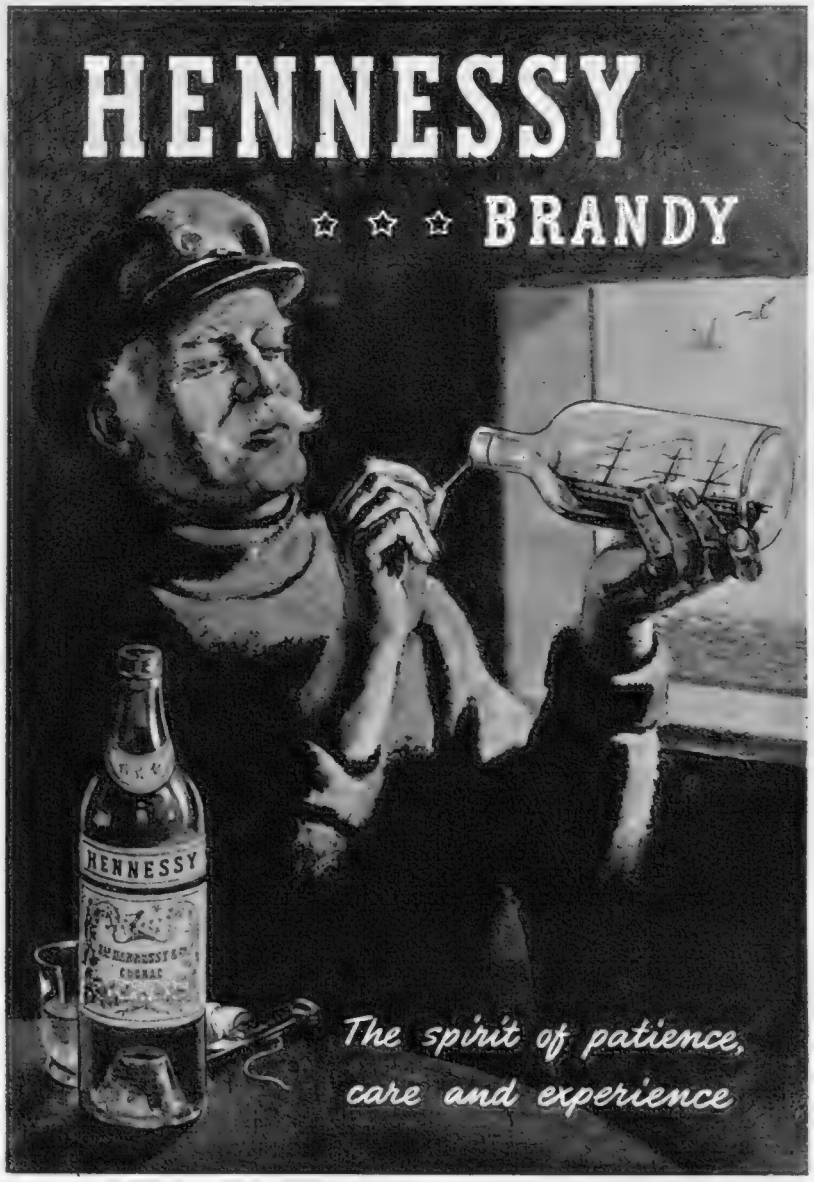


The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SCOTLAND AND THE WILDS OF MAINE

Provide the Backgrounds for Two Important Topographical Books; Ten Young Poets are Assessed by Derek Stanford

THE word "remote" can mean far-off or distant, but it can also mean, if you press it, far-fetched or unusual, and that is the meaning that I would give to it when writing of that part of north-western Maine, where Mrs. Louise Dickinson Rich lives, and has lived for some years, in an intimate contact with nature that would appal most women as young and as attractive as she. The lakes and rivers, dams and particularly arid jungles that Mrs. Rich knows and loves with conviction, are as nearly inaccessible as makes no difference to anyone who isn't a descendant of Daniel Boone, or who isn't addicted to snowshoeing up lumber trails. And from our point of view at the moment, the only important thing about them is that we can know them vividly through her writing.

HAPPY THE LAND (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is well named, since it is a book of happy recollections, many of them funny, most of them high-spirited, a few of them facetious, and all of them affectionate, about a tract of country that most of us would call inhospitable in the extreme.

Scotland, even a Scot will tell you, has its own bleakness, too, but that is not the keynote of Mr. Augustus Muir's SCOTTISH PORTRAIT (Hopetoun Press. 15s.), which is a kind of introduction, and a warm and friendly one, to the country beloved of this author. Mr. Muir has written novels with a Scottish setting, he has travelled back and forth over its expanse, he has studied it with a special focus on the eighteenth century, he has written and he has broadcast about its current affairs, and now he has produced this guide-book-*cum*-primer of its history, geography and legend.

They are a tenacious race, the Scots, and when they hold anything, whether it is a theory, a belief or a patriotic devotion, they hold it as firmly set as a cairngorm in a dagger hilt. Mr. Muir is no exception to the rule, and the attractive ease of his writing and his canny discursiveness only emphasise the central truth of his love for Scotland which prompts him to write that "The way to enjoy country better is to know it better." This book should help you to do both.

IN THE FREEDOM OF POETRY (Falcon Press. 8s. 6d.) the author, Mr. Stanford—himself a poet and a critic—has made a collection of essays on ten other young poets, beginning with Sidney Keyes, who was killed in the war when he was only twenty, but left behind him an almost legendary promise.

> "Time will not grant the unlined page
> Completion or the hand respite;
> The Magi stray, the heavens rage,
> The careful pilgrim stumbles in the night."

Among the other poets assessed in order to place their work in its contemporary setting are Wrey Gardiner, Norman Nicholson, and that exquisite observer of nature, Anne Ridler.

The horror implicit in the title RAVENSBRUCK (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.) hardly needed the horrific design on the wrapper to remind the reader what he would be undertaking in studying the document itself. It has been written by a Frenchwoman, Denise Dufournier, who was an active member of an underground movement which organised the escape of Allied airmen from France during the war. She was caught and imprisoned, first at Fresnes and then taken to Germany, where she survived her time in the dreaded camp of Ravensbruck, and finally reached her own country again.

Considering her experiences, this book, which has been translated by Miss F. W. McPherson, is objective to a quite extraordinary degree. "I shall set forth only the facts," the author says, but what greater indictment could there be than the facts alone, baldly stated and hideously clear?

JOURNEY INTO SPRING (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is imperfect, but so are flawed emeralds. It is sometimes irritating, occasionally untidy, often sentimental by contradiction and uniformly worth reading. It is the story of a man who has been a prisoner of war for five years and who comes back to England badly bruised in spirit and intellect through that experience, to find that he has inherited a title, no money and a derelict palace of a house in what appears to him a grimly unfriendly countryside.

The house is deserted and uninhabitable. The villagers are suspicious, crooked or fawning, with very few exceptions. But Mr. Winston Clewes' hero, who hates titles and rank, whether military or social, has his own defences, and greets unfriendliness with contempt, and any human advances with derision and an actively offensive campaign.

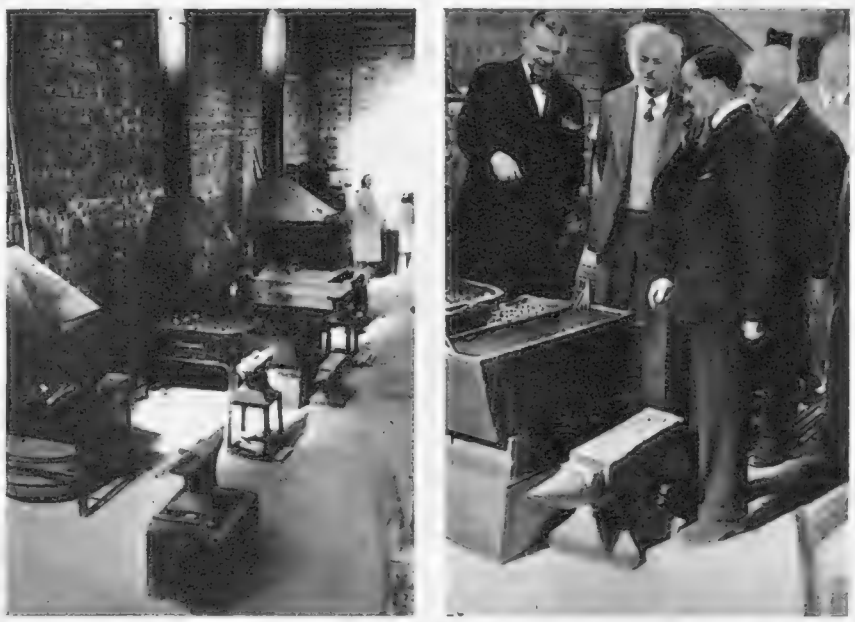
His citadel falls at last, of course, and the forces of loving-kindness, as represented by the vicar and his daughter; and loyalty, the local poacher and his mother; and friendliness, the publican and his wife, sweep all before them. But the siege is magnificent, and makes this novel a "must" for your list.

GYPSY CARAVAN (Robert Hale. 8s. 6d.) is a succession of tales about the Romanies whom the author knows, loves and appreciates in a way that is articulate enough for our understanding. Gypsies have less than no appeal to me in fact or fiction, but I am not so bigoted as to deny their charm for others and, notably, to some first-rate writers. Mr. Frederick Cowles, who himself had a gypsy grandmother, writes with an assurance which is no less smooth for being enthusiastic and even romanticised.

Mr. James Hilton has been closely identified with Hollywood and its main industry for the last thirteen years, and his new novel is indubitably American, if not Californian in tone. This quality in his work has not, however, lightened it or induced any frivolity but, on the contrary, introduced a certain portentousness into it. NOTHING SO STRANGE (Macmillan. 9s. 6d.) deals in part with an immensely serious subject, the study (even if it is the fictional view of the study) of nuclear fission, and it is appropriate that nothing touching on that subject should be approached with insouciance. But the novel also deals with the story of a man who has been in love with both a very pretty woman, the wife of a powerful financier, and her daughter.

To some the situation might appear farcical and not even at the other extreme could it be treated as tragic, but Mr. Hilton weighs it all down with chains of argument and discussion till he brings the reader perilously close, not to real dejection of spirit, but to indifference.

DEATH AND THE BRIGHT DAY (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.) has the essentials of a good thriller, and something more besides: the art of a very competent writer to tell a good story, which would have been almost as surprising and effective in its twists without the incidence of violent death. Miss Mary Fitt has for some time been one of my favourite writers in this *genre*, and it is a real pleasure to watch her work going from strength to strength.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH KEEPS PACE WITH THE TIMES: These pictures were taken at the opening of the new forge at Bovingdon, Herts, which Mr. J. H. Brown, the blacksmith, has built in order to deal with tractor repairs to farm waggons, wrought-iron work and, of course, horse-shoeing. *Left*—The three furnaces and the three anvils. *Right*—The opening ceremony. Mr. S. G. R. Barratt, M.F.H. of the Old Berkeley Hunt, is seen (on the left of the group) with Mr. S. Bush, member of the National Executive of Master Farriers, who opened the forge, and Mr. Brown, the smith (in foreground)

THE ARMOUR OF ALLURE

How "The Perfect Lady" Dressed in Victorian Days

Camisoles garnished with whalebone, crescentic pads stuffed with horsehair (to throw the skirt well out over the hips) and metal busks were just a few of the dreadful ideas our Victorian ancestors perpetrated in the name of fashion. That was how we looked upon it in the '20's and '30's of this new, enlightened age; and now, in the "hungry '40's," the craving for elegance, the whim of Christian Dior, has sent the women of the Western world tripping lightheartedly back to the whalebone, the pads and the horsehair. In THE PERFECT LADY (Max Parrish. 10s. 6d.), C. Willett Cunnington, an expert on English costume, gives us an entrancing picture of feminine costume in the Victorian Age, and with a series of elegant colour pictures shows how the whole armour of prudery, or allure, whichever way you look upon it, was donned by the women of a century ago with all the convexities of puff and bustle, the frills and the furbelows which, with the wheel turning full circle, are now once again the object of feminine delight and masculine expenditure.

Delacroix, as a colourist and romantic painter, now ranks among the greatest of the French artists, but the accidents that befell him as a child make it almost a miracle that he survived to make his vast contribution to our artistic heritage. Delacroix was first nearly burned to death in his cradle by a nurse falling asleep and a candle dropping on the coverlet; he was dropped into the sea by another *bonne*, who was climbing up a ship's side to see her lover; he was nearly poisoned, nearly choked, and, to crown all, he tried to hang himself, without any thought of suicide, after studying an old print of a hanging which came into his possession. Having survived to maturity, and surviving also the neglect of both critics and public, Delacroix painted some of the finest historical landscapes of all time, many of them inspired by the war for the freedom of Greece, which moved him deeply. The best known of these was "The Massacre of Chios," and this fine canvas is typical of the work of this painter, who led the Romanticists in their revolt against the pseudo-classic school. Max Parrish have chosen THE MASSACRE OF CHIOS as the subject for one of the new titles in the "Gallery of Masterpieces" Series, which is published at 7s. 6d. Paul Henri-Michel analyses the picture at length, and describes the artist's method of work after first sketching in the details of his career and an assessment of his achievement. For the art student there could be no more clear-cut and illuminating a guide than this. El Greco's "Christ on the Cross," one of the great mystical works of the Spanish school, and Watteau's "Embarkation for Cythera" are dealt with in the same manner in two other volumes.

When Professor George Saintsbury wrote *Notes on a Cellar Book*, he set a fashion from which successors have seemingly found it impossible to free themselves. Edinburgh's Professor of Rhetoric was never happier than when recounting in mellow terminology some of the great vintages that crossed his path, and Stephen Gwynn and André Simon, in more recent years, have written with skill and understanding in the same vein. Now comes Ian Maxwell Campbell, a life-long connoisseur of wine, to spread the same gospel according to Saintsbury in WAYWARD TENDRILS OF THE VINE (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.). Mr. Campbell also writes well, and he is a fund of knowledge. Added to that, he has more sense of humour than his predecessors, and, above all, eschews pomposity. In discussing his favourite clarets, Mr. Campbell tells us that he recognised a certain Margaux by a delicious fragrance of rice milk pudding. It is good to find the jargon of the wine expert for once put aside for homely, wholesome and candid English.

There were some who said that cricket in its present form would not survive the war. Well, it has done so, and the credit goes to those who have provided the entertainment and, remembering the true spirit of the game, have made our county matches a pleasure to watch. Foremost among the purveyors of new and brighter cricket has been Denis Compton. In PLAYING FOR ENGLAND (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.) Compton gives a modest account of his career to date. In the chapter in which he recalls his feelings on the eve of his first Test Match he conjures up the suspense of the occasion, and then duly obliges with a century. E. W. Swanton, with as big a following as any cricket writer, has produced DENIS COMPTON: A SKETCH (Sporting Handbooks. 2s. 6d.). This is a very good factual outline of Compton's career, and for the statistical fans, and their name is legion, there is a feast of figures in the appendix.

COVENT GARDEN, by Desmond Shawe Taylor, and CHAMBER MUSIC, by A. Hyatt King, are attractive additions to "The World of Music" Series. They are published by Max Parrish at 6s.

THE old parlour game, played in the new, more-than-parlour comfort of the Short flying boat. Just the thing for this happy family after their excellent lunch. People make their own "atmosphere"; but the flying boat, with ocean-liner amenities on its two decks, makes sure the atmosphere is a natural, congenial one.

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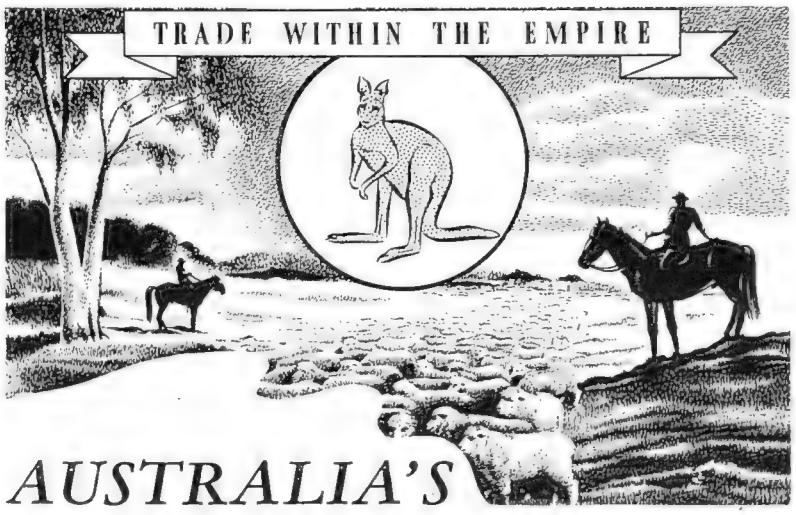

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NPB for service

The fable of the man-at-arms

There was once a Soldier home from the wars, with more fame than fortune. 'Virtue is its own reward,' said his allies, 'for fine words butter no parsnips. Every flow must have an ebb, and charity begins at home. How will you live on your island, now all the fighting's done?' 'By force of arms,' answered the Soldier, as he unbuckled his sword.

Britain's outlook cannot be less adventurous or determined than it was four years ago. We are still under arms, and TI, at this very moment, is helping to forge the weapons for our prosperity — precision tubes, light-alloy extrusions, bicycles and parts by the million, electrical equipment, pressure chambers and traffic signs for the world's markets.

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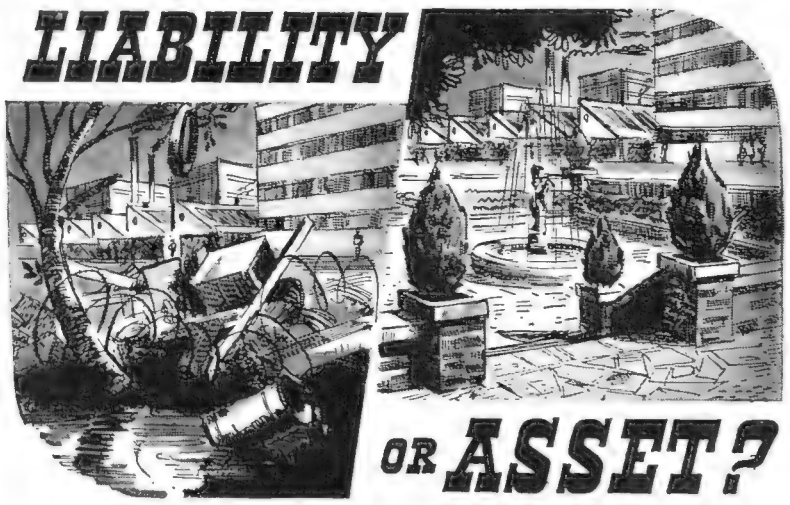

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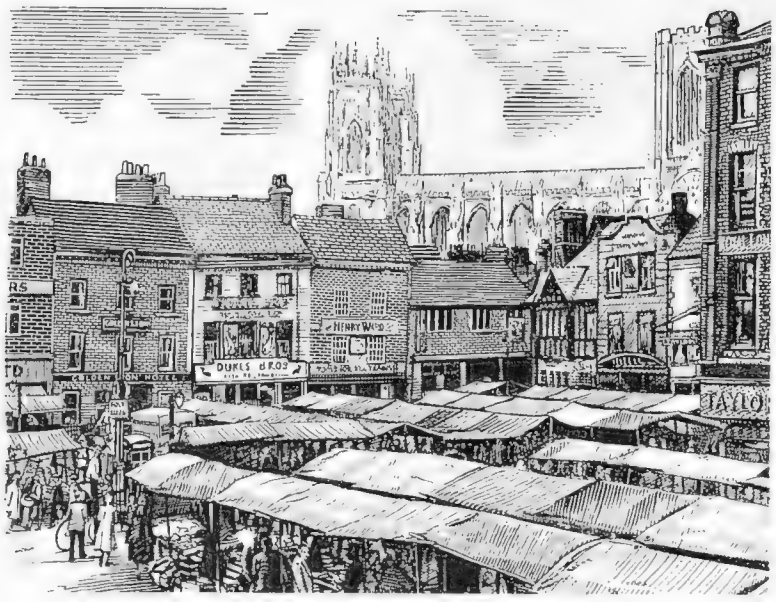

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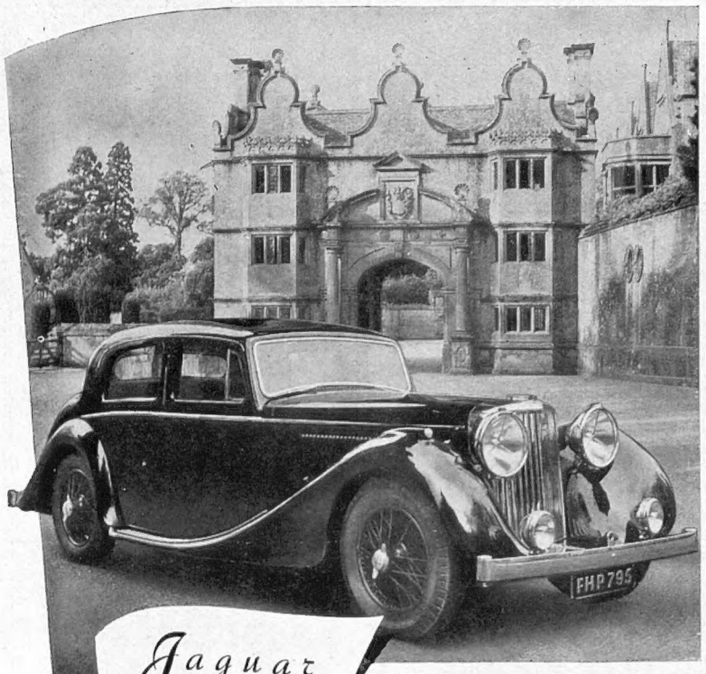

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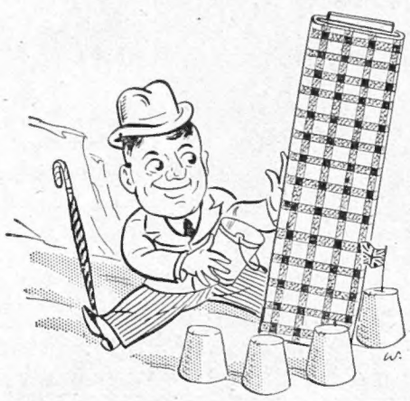

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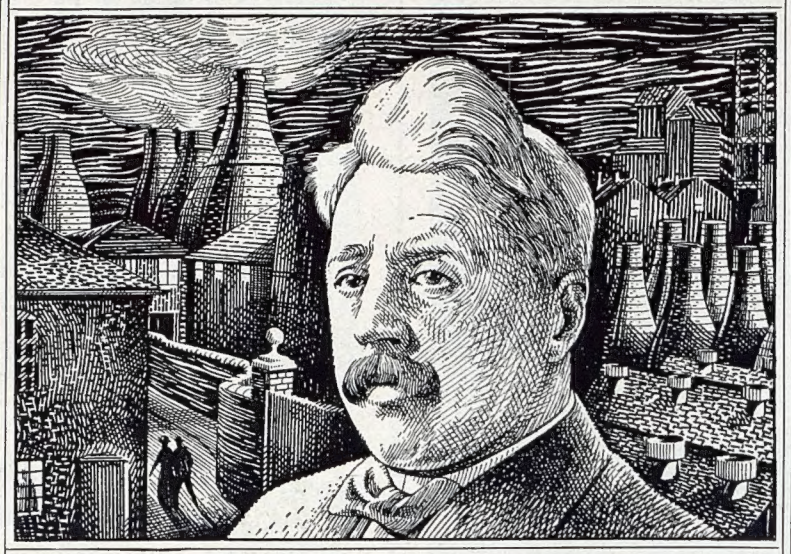

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